

C A T O

O F

U T I C A

A

TRAGEDY.

Translated from the *French* of
Mr. *Des Champs*, into Blank
Verse.

To which is added,
A PARALLEL betwixt this Piece and
the Tragedy of CATO written by
Mr. ADDISON.

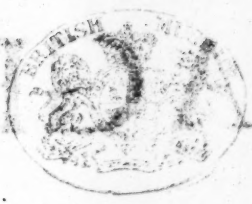
L O N D O N

Printed; and sold by *J. Morphew* near
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C O T A C

U T I C A

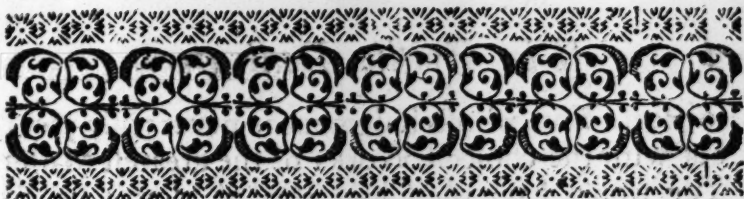
TRAGEDY



43.
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A PARALLEL between the present and
the tragedy of Othello written by
Mr. Addison.

L O N D O N
Printed, and sold by J. Moxon
Stationer, in the Strand.



T O
His Royal Highness
THE
DUKE OF ORLEANS.

S I R,



Am satisfy'd it will be judg'd Rashness in me to put Your Illustrious Name to the Front of this Performance; but what more glorious Protection can an Infant-Muse expect, than that of a Prince, who has always been a Patron to the Muses? Yet, I have not the Assurance to present *Cato* of *Utica* to Your Royal Highness, but as a small Attempt in which I may have some hopes

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to please You, whose Judgment is never truly pleas'd but with the choicest Works of the greatest Masters. You wou'd have the Characters of Hero's be like themselves, that is, You wou'd have their great Actions describ'd as You execute, and we write as You think. By Your delicate Taste, by Your sound Judgment, Your Royal Highness becomes as unsurmountable to our best Pens, as Your Courage is terrible to our Enemies. But we cannot have the Sentiments of perfect Heroism, without those of Generosity and Goodness; and those Vertues which are so Natural to You, encourage us to approach You, inspite of our own Insufficiency. I hope then, You will receive my Homage, not as a Tribute worthy Your Royal Highness, but as a Mark of the profoundest Veneration, with which I am,

S I R,

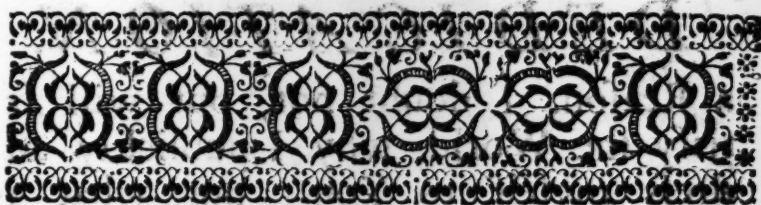
Your Royal Highness's most humble,

Most obedient, and faithful Servant,

D E S C H A M P S.



T H E



T O

----- Esq;

S I R,



H O' a Stranger entirely to
Your Person, among the
rest of the World, who
have a just Esteem for
You, give me Leave to be
an Admirer of many of those Excel-
lent Qualities which appear to those
who personally know You. This is
A a

DEDICATION.

a Reason, I doubt not, but will satisfy the World, why I publickly address myself to You; but what is more Particular, why I thought this might be no unacceptable Present, is contain'd in Mr. *Des Champs's* own Preface, where speaking of the Players at *Paris*, he says, they cut Forty Lines out of his Tragedy, in Spight of all he cou'd do, or say to them, tho' he makes so full, tho' short an Apology, why they were necessary, and even beautiful to the Part, for which they were design'd. Your Case, in Your last Tragedy, seems to bear a Parallel; for tho' the Players did not curtail it in the Words, they did it to some Purpose in the Action, or rather for Want of that proper Action, that the Design and Diction of the Play requir'd. But, what shall we say to these Things? You will hereby find it the common Grievance of Authors of all Nations in their most elaborate Pieces, and how shall we expect it to be otherwise till the Bulk of these sort of Gentlemen

DEDICATION.

gentlemen have more Learning, or more Manners? The first, were they Masters of it, would teach 'em that excellent Lesson of *Nosce Teipsum*; and the latter a more obliging, not to say a condescending Way of behaving themselves better to most Authors, who are generally Men of superiour Birth; and 'tis to be suppos'd, by the very Qualification, of a much superiour Education: And when they receive any thing otherwise from a Person of a quite different Character, they should be intirely Silent if it was but out of Complement to their own Ignorance, that they can be pleas'd with what good Judges must think despicable. I hope those that think they are concern'd in this, will be so just to themselves as to Reform; and those, I am sure, who have either good Nature, good Learning, or good Manners, are no ways injured; nor have any under this Denomination, neither can they in their particular Business do Injury to others. How far I may have exceeded the Liberty of a Stranger,

DEDICATION.

ger, or the Part of a Gentleman in this well meant Dedication, I must submit to your generous Disposition, and the Reader's Candour. I am

S I R,

Your most Humble and most

Obedient Servant to Command.



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THE P R E F A C E.



F all the great Men which appear'd on the Stage of the Ancients, Cato of Utica is undoubtedly one of the most Eminent; and without taking Notice of his Violence in quitting the World rather than submit to a Master, his exact Vertue, and the Austerity of his Manners, are such beautiful Examples to lay before the Publick, that we cannot doubt but they will reap Advantage from them. He was none of those Hero's who rais'd his Fortune on the Ruins of others, but a wise Man who possess'd no other Greatness but what was consistent with Vertue. After the Regard we ought to have for Religion, our first Duty is to love our Country; and this was always inviolably observ'd by Cato. In a troublesome Commonwealth, he had in his Infancy imbib'd a Hatred for Monarchy, and a Love for Liberty; and as Freedom or Independency was the first Law of Rome, Cato preferr'd Death to the absolute Government of Cæsar. Had he been born under a Monarchy, he would have paid the same Obedience and Respect to the Laws of Monarchy, as he did to those which made him in Love with Liberty; and the Example of Cato's sacrificing himself for that Cause, ought at this Time to instruct us to lay down our Lives, for the Service and Preservation of our Kings.

We need but read the Life of Cato from Plutarch, to be convinced of the Difficulty I have met with, in bringing this upon the Stage. It is true, History furnishes

The P R E F A C E.

me with a new and singular Character in Cato, but what does it give me more? A Death which is not interwoven with any Intrigue, that several of his Contemporaries accuse him of Rashness, puts me upon a Necessity of changing some Circumstances, in order to bring him to his Death, or to fall into the Hands of Cæsar's Soldiers. It is easy to see it was not at all adapted for Tragedy, therefore I was forced to have recourse to Invention, and finding myself Master of a good Character, I enquir'd into the Condition and Manner it would appear, when all the Parts were wrought up together. I suppose, that Portia the Daughter of Cato, being fallen into the Hands of the Parthians, after the Defeat of Crassus, is advanc'd at the Court of Arsaces, under the Denomination of his Daughter, and that after that Prince is dead, she becomes Queen of Parthia. I attempt to throw a Concern of Passion betwixt her and Cæsar; but if she had been known to be the Daughter of Cato, I could not have form'd a Love-Scene for an Enemy to her Father. Beside, what a Surprise is it to Cato, to see his Daughter a Queen! he might thence have had Succours to support his Liberty, but he believ'd it criminal to keep a Scepter in his Family, and takes Occasion frequently to oblige Portia to renounce her Crown. This sudden Change exasperates a Prince who would marry the Queen; that Prince conspires against Cato, and the ungovernable Vertue of that Hero precipitates and makes him fall into Misfortunes, out of which he cannot deliver himself but by Death.

Being satisfy'd that there ought to be Shades as well as Lights in a Picture, I have plac'd the Crimes of this Heroe opposite to the Vertues of Cato: And I take it to be proper that the Personage, on whom the Spectator sees all the Horror fall, should be known in History and Pharnaces, who perish'd in the Wars of Cæsar and Pompey, appears to me the most proper for this Purpose:

Celebrated

THE PREFACE.

Celebrated for such Parricides, if he has not committed all the Crimes which I make him guilty of, he is nevertheless capable of acting them. I have then brought him to Utica, and laid the Incident of the principal Action of the Tragedy, so that it almost completes the whole Catastrophe. But above all, I take care to give Pharnaces the Sentiments agreeable to his Character; and I am not apprehensive that they will create a dangerous Impression, since he is proposed as a Criminal, whose Morals ought to be detested.

Yet this is not done so as to make a direct Opposition to Virtue and Vice; one ought to be plac'd between the two Extremes. This famous Enemy of Cato's, Cæsar, was the only one, who by his different Qualities could give a new Lustre to my Tragedy. The Character of Cæsar is nevertheless one of the greatest Faults that is to be met with in this Work; and I may be reproach'd for not having given to this Heroe the Description conformable to the great Idea we have of him. We see from some Colouring in History, he is drawn Ambitious, a Dissembler, and capable of projecting and executing the most difficult Enterprizes; intrepid, clement, free from such a Love as is express'd in this Passion, which is not contrary to the Greatness which he bears in my Tragedy. If he speaks not of making himself Lord of all, when he is with Cato, it is because he will not declare his Designs against the Romans, till he has brought them under his Subjection. But why, say some, will this fierce Destroyer of Liberty, suffer such opprobrious Language from his Enemy? A Word may suffice to justify me: Is it not much greater for this Heroe to put Cato under the Necessity of having an Esteem for him, than to answer Cato with Outrage? Does he not rather put him in Admiration to reveal Pharnaces's Conspiracy to him? then I have made the one speak like a zealous Citizen, and the other an ambi-

The P R E F A C E.

ambitious Statesman. If the Part of Cato seems something the more touching than that of Cæsar, it is because Distress moves us to Compassion more than Victory; if it appears that there is something brighter in Cato's Character, 'tis because pure Virtue is more beautiful than Vice in Disguise.

The Part of Portia is likewise cavil'd at by the Critics; they say it is not just for her to declare Love to Cæsar. But in what Circumstances is she then? Some time before, having entertain'd a Passion for him, without knowing his Name, she was ignorant that it was Cæsar that she lov'd: in short, after she had rejected the Protestations which he came to tender her, she owns the same Cæsar which she disdain'd, for the Object of her Passion. This Heroe in discovering his Love, reproaches her with a Hatred he did not deserve. In this Surprise, in the Concern wherein she saw her Lover, she believing herself a Queen, and Independent of her Father, declares to Cæsar that she had no longer an Aversion to him. He interprets this Change as a Sentiment of her Affection; and Portia, who perceiv'd that the Secret of her Heart wou'd break out, in spight of herself, protested that she had lov'd him some time before. Cæsar transported with the sudden Pleasure, propos'd to her to share the Roman Empire with him. This Proposal points at the Design which he would have reserv'd to himself, and never discover'd, had it not been to a Queen whom Love and the Affair then in hand made him hope it would be an inviolable Secret. This Intelligence which Cæsar gave her of his true Designs, takes away from him the Liberty of Disguising himself to her in the 5th Act, as he does with the other Romans, and reduces him to a Necessity of justifying his Ambition to reign, which gives Portia an Opportunity of making the best Advantage of his Love. The Confession of that Passion was necessary, and I think,

the

The P R E F A C E.

the Secret was better to escape from him in the first Motion of Surprize, than afterwards, when Cæsar might have time to recover from his Astonishment.

As to the Part which she takes against him in the 4th Act, when she knows that she is the Daughter of Cato, we find that she turns all at once from Love to Hatred: She renounces her Love. Her Birth, Rome and Cato become a Law to her, but she does not do this till she has a Conflict with herself, wherein she becomes triumphant. I was so happy on this Occasion as to jump in with the publick Vogue, and those who saw the first Representation wou'd have me restore the forty Verses which the Actors cut out against my Will. I express'd in these Lines the Concern and Trouble she had to conquer her Passion, and the Impression it left behind; the Actors pretend to justify their Cutting it, that Portia ought to take the Sentiments of Cato, when she knew herself to be his Daughter. As for my part, I thought I shou'd not draw a Roman with too much Weakness, but that it was no Fault to shew that a Female Roman Heart was subject to Weakness, in order to give her the Glory afterwards of triumphing over it.

At present, as the Passage is observable to turn from Love to Hatred, I am apt to flatter myself, that the Imprecations which Portia makes against Cæsar, do not appear too Violent. Those who take the Pains to reflect on the Condition, wherein that Roman found herself, may undoubtedly see, that she, instead of being unworthy of refusing Cæsar, might marry him upon the Consideration that he renounced the Empire. Any amorous Disdain might carry a common Woman to this Excess of Passion. As to the rest, I do not so much pretend to make an Apology for this Tragedy, as to give an Account how I have managed it; and I sincerely protest, that I have always, with Pleasure, received what has been sent me.

The

The Persons of the Drama.

Marcus Portius Cato.

Julius Cæsar.

Pharnaces,

King of Pontus.

Domitius,

Cæsar's Lieutenant.

Phocas,

A Roman of Cato's Party.

Artaban,

A Lord of Parthia.

Foelix,

A Friend of Pharnaces.

W O M E N.

Portia,

*{ Cato's Daughter, under the
feign'd Name of Arsen-
na, Queen of Parthia.*

Phænicia,

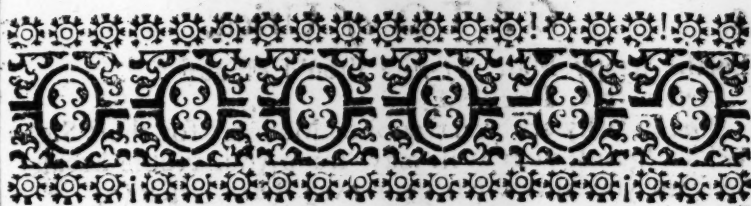
Confident of Portia.

Cato's Followers.

Cæsar's Followers.

*SCENE near Utica in the Palace for-
tified by the Roman Governor.*

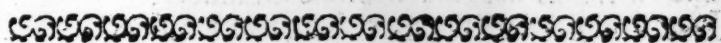
*Alas
Is su
Utica
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C A T O

O F

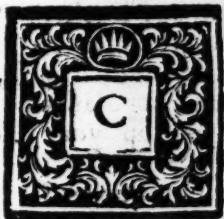
U T I C A.



A C T I.

Enter Arsenna and Phœnicia.

Arsen.



O M E, *Phœnicia*, let us wait on
that Great Roman,
To him I will commit my self
and Fortune
In this most cruel Storm that
threatens me ;
Cato, I wish, far from *Arsenna*
may escape :

Alas ! I know the Prince to whom I owe my Birth
Is sunk from Empire ; *Arsaces* is no more.

Utica hath seen *Pharnaces* enter here,

And all conspire to add to my Disgrace.

Phœn. Ought not the King of *Pontus* (Madam) dying
for you

Be

Be the happy Man *Arsenna* shou'd espouse?

Arsen. He, *Phanicia*?

Phan. Why are you troubl'd, Madam, for these Sighs?
Which 'gainst your Will may 'scape your Noble Breast;
In vain you hide what your own Tears disclose,
Love is the Cause of this too lively Grief.

Arsen. I've hitherto conceal'd my Weakness from you,
How can I thus discover all my Passion?

Love in our Breasts is ne'er without its Fears,
We're well repay'd for all our Greatness,
When it deprives us of the Choice we make,
And leaves us not to govern, ev'n our selves.
Our Love, though Innocent, looks as usurp'd,
And often renders us the Victims of the State.
But since, *Phanicia*, I can tell my Soul to you;
And make Confession of this ardent Love:

Think on that Man, who boldly ask'd for *Cesar*,
My Father's Friendship; he's the Cause of all.

Phan. He had indeed the Portrait of a Hero.
The *Parthians* dazzled with his Grandeur,
Judg'd him a Sov'reign, rather than a Subject.

Arsen. Cou'd I have thought a Moment, then so full
of Charms,

Wou'd have produc'd a Day of such Misfortune?
When that bold *Roman* mounted first our Ramparts,
His noble Air attracted all my Eyes cou'd give: -
His Mien Majestick, grac'd with such a Pride,
Carry'd the Victory o'er my tender Heart.
With Transport I cou'd find out in his Looks,
There was a Mortal, great as Gods themselves.
He emulates the Fortune of his Arms with *Cesar*,
And thus with Tears I feed my craving Passion.

Phan. Why, Madam, yield you up your Heart to
Love,

When as you know not yet your Conqueror?

Arsen. Those whom the Fates have destin'd to com-
mand,

Are known by some peculiar Signs,
That Nature form'd for their Distinction;
By Fortitude, or force of Genius.
But see, where *Cato* comes, *Phanicia*,
Who spite of all his Melancholy,

Give

CATO of Utica.

3

Gives us a strong Impression of his Wisdom.
He's more than Hero sure; on whom the Gods
Seem to pour their Store of all Misfortunes.
He singly does oppose the Jealous Gods,
Himself, a hundred times more glorious. -----

Enter Cato.

Cato. Madam, I understand the angry Fates
To you are cruel, as they're to the Romans;
For at *Seleucia*, in the midst of Peace,
Arsaces saw his Death resolv'd on:
I come not, Madam, to remove your Tears,
Too well you know to triumph o'er Misfortunes,
And in that noble Form *Arsenna* bears,
I always thought I saw a Roman Soul.
But the sad Death of once a pow'rful King
Hath left a haughty People subject to your Laws.
Will you preserve that sacred Union,
Arsaces with us on the Altar swore?

Ars. My Lord, I will, and that the People of *Phrates*

For ever keep a lasting Peace with *Rome*;
Nay, will for you do more than e'er my Father did;
But, mention not the Marriage with *Pharnaces*.

Cato. Why, Madam?

Arsen. Long time my Father and the Romans,
Advanc'd their Forces for a dreadful War:
You know the ill Success of *Crassus's* Troops,
But not *Pharnaces* trait'rous Heart;
Who seeing all his Efforts baffled by the War,
Contriv'd to Assassinate *Pacorus*
My Brother, the last Blessing of my Father's Bed.
My Brother, whose dear Memory I retain,
Was then the Terror of the neighbouring Princes,
The People's Darling, and the King's Support.

Cato. I was ignorant of that horrid Crime,
But am too sensible of your just Grief.

Arsen. Don't you believe th' Attempt was barb'rous
In which *Pharnaces* had his bloody Hand?
He carefully conceal'd this secret Murder;
For yesterday I heard it of the guilty Wretch,

B

Whd

Giv

Who shed *Pacorus's* Blood-----

Yet ne'ertheless the *Parthians* are at Peace,

And I am fated to *Pharnaces* Bed.

This King, perfidious as he was, came to our Court,
When 'stead of Love, my Heart burnt with Disdain ;

Yet I, my Lord, th' unhappy Victim, was
To Rome conducted, for this hateful Match.

The *Romans* disagreeing with the *Parthians*,

I saw my Fears were happily o'recast,

Cesar's Success, and *Pompey's* Overthrow,

Detain'd *Pharnaces* in his own Dominions,

And forc'd me hither in Pursuit of you.

He comes to Marry me, I've Cause to fear,

When though with Rage he be transported,

Sure he'll not dare an Act of Violence.

Cato. This Village offers you a Sanctuary,

A Sanctuary, where *Cato* is himself retir'd

From groaning Rome, and from the Capitol in Flames,

Here to reanimate expiring Liberty.

The Soldiers following my Example,

Chiefly in Virtue's Cause ; now Guard our Ramparts ;

Justice which was too oft dispers'd, but to alarm

Is here our sole Companion and Support.

I have with Care assembled here a Senate,

In Numbers of less Force, but more in Concord ;

Here, real Virtue reigns, which only's left us ;

A Monarch here's more free, than on a Throne.

On your side Justice waits ; banish your Fears,

And like the *Romans*, now depend on me ;

My Destiny is to oppose all Crimes,

When I devote my self to be the Victim.

Arsen. Ah, Sir ! remove this hateful Object from you,

Your Life's so precious to th' unhappy *Romans*,

The awful Thunderer in Heaven

Is not more sought, than *Cato* is on Earth.

But presently *Pharnaces* will be here :

A Tyrant's Looks will too much Wound my Eyes. [Exit.

Cato. I find in her Defence new Pleasures dawn,

In her, my Daughter *Portia* lives again,

I have examined every Feature,

But see, *Phocas* and a *Parthian* there :

What wants he with me ?

Enter

CATO of Utica.

5

Enter Phocas and Artaban.

Phocas. This is the Day at last, that calms our Fears,
And an unlook'd for Succour joyns us.
When *Hymen* had extinguished his bright Torch,
You then, Sir, had an Infant Daughter,
Whom *Crassus's* Wife brought up and educated.
Just on the Borders of *Arfaces* Kingdom,
The *Parthians* rush'd from ev'ry side upon us,
And storm'd the Fort to which we fled for Refuge;
All perish'd by the Fury of the Conqueror,
I only 'scaping, sav'd by a generous *Parthian*,
Came hither, full of Sorrow to inform you.

Cato. Why dost thou remind me of that fatal Image,
And *Portia* dying 'midst the Slaughter?

Pho. Yet I'm perswaded, Sir, that she, that *Portia*,
Your Daughter, now enjoys the Breath of Life.

Cato. My Daughter! What sayst thou?

Pho. You see that I, as well as you,
Am much surpriz'd: But, *Artaban*, Sir,
Whom I have here brought with me,
Will quickly ease your doubting Mind.
'Twas he, who in the Terror of the Battle
Snatch'd me from Danger, with the kindest Hand,
That now comes to inform you of *Arfaces* Death.

Artab. *Arfaces* had but one unhappy Daughter
From the fair Prospect of a beauteous Princess,
Whom, Sir, I saw expiring in his Arms.
The *Parthian* Crown at that time was unsettled,
And there was scarce a Prince in all his Court,
Who did not lay Pretension to some Province.
The Want of Heirs gave Scope to their Ambition:
The King conceal'd the Death of the young Princess,
His Arms triumphing o'er the *Romans* then.
Heaven, as approving his Designs, and Victory,
Committed *Portia* Captive to his Hands,
As she was like *Arfenna* in her Features,
Her Native Beauty, Air, and equal Youth,
I presented her to the King, who instantly
Named her after his late deceased Daughter.

B 2

This

Enter

CATO of Utica.

This Letter, which in dying he took care to write
May yet inform you better. -----

Artaban gives a Letter to *Cato*.
Cato reads.

Arfaces to *Cato*.

I Shou'd be too cruel in Dying, to conceal your Daughter from you, who by her shining Virtue merits all your Love. Know your own Blood in *Arsenna*, and if to secure the Repose of Mankind, *Portia* must be a Sovereign, let her wear my Crown.

Artab. Consider with your self whether her Birth Must be declared, or kept a Secret yet :
Let me know ; I shall obey your Orders. [Exit.]

Cato. What, does my own Blood offer to my Hate ?
What, must a Foe to Kings be Father of a Queen ?
Gods ! do ye justify the Guilt of *Cesar* ?
Wou'd ye tie the *Romans* to his Chariot ?
By you my Daughter is restored me :
A Mark of your Disdain, to blast my Honour ;
If I have any Pleasure in remembring her,
Her Fate destroys and changes it to Sorrow.
How shou'd she please *Cato* with a Crown ?
Rome forbids it, if my Blood could consent,
Nature would at the cruel Instant, start ?
And make me, of a Father once too tender ;
A *Roman* Criminal. -----

Oh, that my Daughter wou'd renounce this Grandeur !
Come let us haste and trample on her Diadem.

Phc. What ? When Heaven without doubt, to save
the *Romans*,
Has kindly placed this Scepter in our Hands,
You well-know our Misfortunes ; Hope that *Utica*
May then preserve what all *Africk* cou'd not ;
And that *Rome* banished within these Walls,
May with us oppose a barbarous Tyrant.
Assistance must be had, or Innocence
In vain will struggle under unjust Power.
Portia for our Liberty may arm
The numerous Squadrons of a warlike People.

Inform

CATO of Utica.

7

Inform your Daughter of her Birth and Blood,
And let her Govern to subdue a Rebel.
The Gods have put it in our Power to second them,
Who offer us such bountiful Assistance.

Cato. What enormous Project's this? Dost thou think
That to preserve our selves, a Crime is lawful?
Forbear such frivolous, dishonest Hopes.
Shall we supported by a Power usurp'd,
Dare to punish Tyranny less guilty.
Beware lest we provoke Heaven against us.
Rather let *Utica* in Flames serve for our Funeral Pile,
Justice alone can move me in this Cause:
The Gods dishonour'd in the *Titan* War,
Without a Fault knew how to punish that Pre-
sumption.

As the Immortals were alike unhappy,
Why, more than they, shou'd we relinquish Virtue?

Pho. Is not the Queen of *Parthia's* Rank then
lawful;

'Twas Heaven's doing, that is free from Sin:
If't shou'd appear Unjust, 'tis not for us
To measure out the Justice of the Gods?
We must consent to all that they Ordain,
Nor dare to murmur or refuse their Aid.
Permit a Sacrifice to smoke upon their Altars,
That you may know, what 'tis the Fates decree.

Cato. Who I? I'd open first the destin'd Victim,
To find what Duty 'tis the Gods Command,
While they inspire my Heart with firm Resolves;
The Love of Justice and substantial Glory;
By their Immortal Pow'r enlighten me,
And tell me, I must still be true to Virtue.
Romans were born for to defend their Rights
Against th'oppressive Violence of Kings.
What, though a Crown is offer'd to our View;
To shew how much we ought to slight the Tender;
Let us avoid accepting unjust Aid,
'Tis only Virtue must preserve our Lives.
We'll boldly March against a Tyrant Conqueror,
And place our honest Hopes above Despair.
Fearless to merit by a base Remorse,
We'll shew our Bravery, and punish *Cesar*.

B 3

Here

Here comes *Pharnaces*; now to my Daughter.
 Let *Artaban* be careful to conceal her Family.
 I'll give her now her true Paternal Name,
 And see how much her Virtue answers *Cato's*.

Enter Pharnaces.

Cato. When we were seiz'd with terrible Alarms,
 Our Arms and Justice both made Slaves to Fortune,
Scipio and *Juba* being overthrown;
Cesar has been allow'd to triumph in his Crimes.
 But since, my Prince, our last Effort is Courage,
 Which only can repair our Sufferings;
 Firmness excludes all Fear from Roman Hearts,
 And in the greatest Dangers makes us Victors.

Phar. Ally'd, Sir, to the *Romans* from my Birth;
 From them I've form'd Resolves within my Soul.
 You know that *Cesar* hath subdued my Kingdom,
 But yet I have some Friends and Soldiers left,
 Who with my Navy at the Port of *Utica*,
 Are ready to make good our Loss in *Africk*.

Cato. The Tyrant comes against us; and now, Prince,
 We soon shall see our Walls beset on all sides:
 This is the time to push for Victory,
 To bless our Arms once more with Glory.

Phar. Do you Command, I call the Gods to witness,
 That before your Eyes *Pharnaces* will
 With *Cato* Conquer, or with *Cato* Die.
 But you're no Stranger that the Nuptials
 With the Queen, *Arsenna*, must complete my Fate,
 E'er Rage produces in my Breast Revenge:
 Allow me this. -----

Cato. It must no more be thought on.

Phar. What say you, Sir?

Cato. You think she is a Queen.

Phar. Who doubts it?

Cato. No, Prince, she is a Roman.

Judge, now you know her, if our Laws allow
 Our Families to be ally'd to Kings.

Phar. What is't I hear, ye cruel Gods?
 Ha! 'tis some Stratagem!

Exe

CATO of Utica.

9

I've seen the Crown upon *Arsenna's* Head ;
You, faithful *Romans*, cannot say this.

Cato. Her Birth's but just come to her Father's Knowledge,

But it shall instantly be published,
And by my Orders spread throughout *Utica*.

Phar. Take my Advice, and don't disclose this Secret,
Which may produce most sorrowful Effects.

I, by embracing *Pompey's* sinking Cause,
Now from his Rival see my Crown usurp'd :
My Power reduc'd to a few feeble Ships,
And my poor Fortune toss'd on capricious Waves.

Yet by my Marriage with *Arsenna*,
I might still regain a mighty Empire.

Vain Attempt ! why should I serve ungrateful Men ?
Shew yourselves otherwise, in trusting me.

Let *Arsenna* reign, or I abandon *Utica*,
And the sad Ruins of your Commonwealth.

Cato. Go Prince, away, *Rome* that speaks in me
Shall never stoop so low to entreat a King.

Enter Felix.

Felix. The Fields are cover'd o'er with *Cesar's* Troops,
They attempt to ravage *Utica* by Force,
And make you subject to their Arbitrary Will.

Cato. Let us repel their Force by *Roman* Power,
To shew that we can help ourselves without a King :

Cato, as well as *Cesar*, bids you yield,
Nor fears your Threats to disappoint his Virtue ;
Tho' he's another Foe to struggle with. [Exit *Cato*.

Phar. Shall I not punish the Disdain and Pride,
This *Roman* with his Vanity affects ?

Nothing shall stop the Ardour of my Rage.
I will obey the Transports that I feel,
And thus without Delay, or vain Complaint,
Make sure of *Hymen*, and *Arsenna's* Crown.
Nay, I will sacrifice. -----

Felix. Whom, Sir ?

Phar. *Cato*.

Felix. What, your Ally ?

Phar.

Pve

Phar. Thus far I've born it under Friendship's Veil :
 I hate the *Romans* ; now *Revenge* breaks forth.
 Hear me, and know the Son of *Mithridates* :
 If I have serv'd the *Romans* 'gainst a Father,
 His Scepter was just tumbling into their Hands ;
 Vanquish'd and overwhelm'd before with Age.
 By many vain Efforts he shew'd his Weakness,
 And I willing one Day to grasp at full *Revenge*,
 With *Pompey* form'd a strict Alliance,
 Hoping that *Discord* which had long time reign'd
 Wou'd deal amongst them her impartial Blows ;
 And that th' exhausting of their Strength by War
 Might free me from the Victor's heavy Yoke.
 But, *Felix*, the Success hath since betray'd me,
 And I myself am made the *Roman's* Victim.
Cato by his Discourse ----- What is't I say ?
 I must be hush'd for ever -----
 And bury in my Breast this Mystery.
 I will, on my part, send *Arbates* and *Timeon*
 To offer *Cesar*, *Cato's* Forfeiture :
 As a Reward, I will demand my Throne,
 Thus to myself secure a double Diadem :
 Secure myself of Glory. Come, let us go.
 Vice, when successful, bears the Face of Virtue.

Felix. Think you, Sir, that *Cesar* will consent to it ?
 You must submit to his victorious Arm :
 Conquest affords no Pleasure to his Soul,
 If he to vanquish wants another's Aid.
 Oft, in his time, he laid his Projects deep
 To shed the Blood of *Pompey*, most unfortunate,
 And *Ptolomy*, at last, receiv'd his Death
 For having clear'd the Victor of that Crime.

Phar. The Motive was more secret for his Death,
 The Earth was of a Tyrant freed thereby,
 The like Chastisement was prepar'd for both ;
Cesar, at that time, feigning to revenge his Rival,
 March'd out an Army to th' *Egyptian* Confines,
 And sav'd his Life by taking *Ptolomy's*.
 For me, I need not fear the like Return.
 By serving him, I only imitate the Gods,
 And with 'em am assisting to his Fortune.
 The Crime is rooted sure, I only strengthen it,

Since

CATO of Utica.

II

Since he can sacrifice to his Ambition all,
I ought to hope all good from *Cato's* Death.
I'll go, nor listen to a timorous Innocence,
I'll go, like *Cesar* to regain my Power,
And thereby purchase both a Throne and Peace.

End of the first Act.



ACT II.

Enter Domitius and Phocas.

Dom.  S it not here, *Phocas*, that *Cato* is to come?

Phoc. *Domitius*, yes; you may expect him.

But, from you, I no longer can conceal

My great Surprise, you're sent by *Cesar* hither.

Will he consent to finish this dire War,
Which hath too long oppress'd the groaning Earth;
All Climes within the Circuit of the Sun
Have felt too much the sad Calamities of Blood?

Dom. Th' Affair which brought me hither shall be told to *Cato*.

Mean while, let the fair Queen of *Parthia* know,

Pallas intreats a secret Conference

About important Business he has to reveal. [*Ex. Phocas.*]

Victorious *Cesar* 'midst his rough Alarms,

Unbends his Mind to softer Thoughts of Love.

Charm'd with the Queen, in Secret he adores her:

But, I see *Cato*; and at his awful Presence [*Cato Enters.*]

Virtue seems stamp'd upon my very Soul,

And I confess an inward Veneration.

Cato. Well, *Domitius*, what have you to say?

Dom. *Cesar* commanded me to inform you, Sir:

Cato. What! *Cesar* commands, and you obey?

Dom. Yes, Sir.

Cato.

C A T O of Utica.

Cato. Vile Slave : hold, it is enough.
 Too much you do disgrace your glorious Ancestors,
 Who, like me, only had the Gods for Masters.
 Is't possible the Blood of noble *Brutus*
 Should not convey the Shadow of his Vertue down !
 He, wearied as he was, with Tyranny,
 Had never banish'd shamefully the Kings of *Rome*,
 But to leave you and *Rome* to its own Choice.

Domitius, was you born a *Roman*,
 That you barter thus your Laws for Slavery ?

Dom. I obey the Consul, is that a Crime ?

Cato. Ah ! ask the Tyrant, who oppresses us ?
 If *Rome* at Liberty, the People and the Senate
 E'er gave the Consulship into his Hands ?
 He takes Delight in punishing Mankind,
 Enslaving *Rome*, and trampling on the World.

Dom. You stick too close to Envy's base Detraction,
 And thinking to restore Equality
 Wou'd fain eclipse the Lustre of great *Cesar*.
 Sir, as a *Roman*, I love Liberty,
 And call the Gods to witness, who-e'er attempts
 To rob us of that Jewel, I'd resist.
 This Arm would save it, and my just Rage
 Wou'd make me smother, or forget all Friendship.
 I pay Obedience, Sir, without a Crime.
 The vanquish'd Cause no longer now is lawful,
 If you approve't ; 'tis from a generous Mind
 That always shares with the Unfortunate.

Cato. You know not yet, who is your Master.
 Without a Veil the Victor dares not show himself,
 If over me he triumphs, you know best :
 But you'll in vain repent the Occasion,
 The wilful Criminal ne'er seeks Repentance,
 Till he's a Slave, and under hard Oppression.
 Tyrants to enjoy, and to secure their Peace
 Always, first punish those that made 'em so,
 'Tis time for you to tremble -----

But, tell me now, What Business brought you hither ?

Dom. Here, *Cesar* wou'd inform you of a Secret
 Useful and honourable, both to *Rome* and you.

Cato. Let him come ; I agree. What Hostage does
 he ask ?

Dom.

CATO of Utica.

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Dom. Cato's Virtue is a sufficient Pledge.

Pharnaces is only to be suspected.

Cato. Pharnaces, in Utica, is under my Command.

This Palace is a Fort distinct from that,
Guarded by Romans; hard to be attack'd.

Pharnaces now is gone to view the Port;
His Soldiers quart'ring near the Haven side,
Dare not so much as penetrate this Place;
Howe'er, we shall observe Pharnaces's Troops.

Here in the Fort, Caesar may trust himself,
Without his entring Utica, or any Danger.

If from before the Fort he sends his Cohorts,

Pharnaces's instantly shall quit the Port,
And so our Interview will equally be safe.

In obscure Minds, sometimes a Light breaks out. [Aside.

At my Survey, th' Impostor's Mask falls off,

Nothing shall move the Heart of Cato, but pure Virtue.

Let Caesar know, his Words tho' much abounding,
shall ne'er blind Cato, as they have Domitius. [Ex. Cato.

Enter Arsenna.

Arsen. I am told, Domitius, Caesar loves Arsenna:

Tell him again, his specious Love is fruitless.

I know not where the Victor saw my Face,

That those few Charms which I possess shou'd please him.

O'er me he cannot force a Conquest,

Tho' his Ambition's grown so very great,

I dare not think to triumph over Love.

You'd he have my Scepter? -----

Dom. 'Tis his, who has Power to give them,

Who at his Will deposes Kings, or gives them Crowns.

Can then a Heroe, by whose mighty Arm

The World hath been subdu'd, be unworthy you?

You see, the Gods from whom he claims his Birth,

Content to share with him in their own Pow'r;

And tho' they rule the glorious Worlds above,

Have left this Earth to Caesar's Government.

Arsen. Begone, Domitius. See Pharnaces.

[Exit Dom.

Enter

Dom.

Enter Pharnaces.

Phar. Madam, be pleas'd to hear me.

Arsen. Are you come to increase my Sorrows?
The Remembrance of a Brother makes me weep.

Phar. She is not yet acquainted with her Birth,
On the Knowledge of which my All depends. [*Aside.*

You see me, Madam, fir'd with burning Rage,
Cato and *Rome* conspire against you,
And wou'd deprive you of your Royal Throne.
My services have made them thus ungrateful,
Let's fly and disappoint their black Attempts.
My Fleet and Soldiers are prepar'd to guard us
To *Pontus* Shore, or *Parthia's* Kingdom.

Arsen. Is *Cato's* base Accuser to be credited?
That great, good Man's Designs can ne'er discourage me:
The Power of Virtue is a Scourge to Vice.
I know whom 'tis I shou'd suspect of Fraud:
He whose Tongue's so ready at Evasions,
And wou'd from hence seduce me privately.
Alas! how this Suspicion frights you?
Th' unjust Accuser is the guilty Wretch.

Pharn. And why shou'd I, who need but speak, and
be obey'd,

Truckle thus low, as to dissemble with you?

Arsen. You reckon on your Right of Marriage then?
But when I was engag'd to sign that Contract,
I was a Stranger to the secret Practices
In which thou Traytor had defil'd thy Hands.
In vain the guilty Man conceals his Crimes,
When trusty Time brings all to open Light;
I know thy Guilt. And may some fatal Change
Drag me from Empire to a loathsome Dungeon!
May the great Gods pour on my Head their Vengeance,
If I espouse th' Assassine of my Brother!
I yield myself a Slave to Hatred, and abhorr thee.
Eternal Pleasure wou'd sit easy on my Soul,
If by thy Punishment my Power was prov'd,
That all the World might know 'twas my Revenge.

[*Exit. Arsen.*

Pharnaces

CATO of Utica.

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Pharnaces alone.

Pharn. Shall I with Patience bear her idle Words?
Then she will always dare me to my Face.
No; I will humble this ungrateful Fair.
I see what now supports her proud Dildain,
'Tis *Cato's* Boast of fann'd Liberty;
The haughty Queen here thinks herself secure:
But Heav'n itself shall not afford a Refuge
To shelter her from my just Indignation.
I shall behold her shortly trembling kneel
To wash my bloody Limbs, ev'n in her Tears.
I'll sacrifice all Villany to my Success;
And to Remote impute all my ill Fortune.
Had I committed the most heinous Guilt,
My rigorous Fate in Life had balanc'd it.

Enter Felix.

Felix. All things of late put on another Face.

Pharn. What, *Felix*!

Felix. Cruel Discord shows its angry Head no more;
The *Romans* undisguis'd, run to the City Gates,
Embrace their Friends who 'scap'd the Civil Wars,
And sensibly bewail their own Misfortunes.
Th' unhappy Father arm'd against the Son,
Begins to weep he fought so dear an Enemy;
They gape for Peace, whose more prevailing Charms
Can only recompense the Blood they spill.

Pharn. Doth *Cesar* yet approve *Arbates* and *Ti-*
meon,
Can by *Cato's* Death, secure the Empire to him?
Are they return'd?

Felix. No, Sir; nor can I guess
What could detain them in his Camp so long.

Pharn. Believe me, *Felix*, there's no time to lose,
Utica shall feel my vengeful Rage.
By sudden Slaughter I'll escape the Storm,
Which Fate seems gath'ring to pour on my Head.

Felix. But, Sir, the *Romans* watch us narrowly.

C

Pharn:

Pharn. The Fraud I've slyly cover'd o'er with Art,
 A secret Foe securely meets Revenge,
 And Wisdom's oft by Artifice deceiv'd :
 You'll see it, *Felix.* The obscure Turnings
 And Situation of these Walls are known to me ;
 For when oppress'd by my too furious Father ,
 I learn'd them, flying here to avoid his Blows.
 The steep and craggy Rock that flanks the Fort
 Keeps out the Sea, and beats its Billows back ;
 The Waters dashing on its sides have hew'd
 A Passage which is Shelter 'gainst a Storm.
 There we may secretly conceal some Ships.
 You know this Night, by the contending Waves,
 My Fleet hath been dispers'd along the Shore,
 And many of my Ships, scarce sav'd from sinking,
 Have happily put safe into this Port.
 'Tis yet a Secret, and I'm come to learn
 How I may go with Privacy aboard,
 Follow'd by armed Men to put therein ;
 Then suddenly I'll seize these peaceful Walls,
 The Guards shall be the Victims of my Hate,
 Cato I'll sacrifice, and force the Queen,
 Then with fierce Rage destroy those tow'ring Ramparts.
Felix. May Heav'n, who is of Kings the great A-
 venger,

Grant you Success in this most glorious Enterprize :
 And may your Fortune answer your Desires ;
 So you possess the Palace without Bloodshed.
 The Guard abandons it, and to the Town retires,
 The Cause unknown : But gracious *Cesar*
 Hath withdrawn his numerous Legions,
 And pitch'd his Tents on yonder distant Plain.

Pharn. Return to *Utica*, and while my Arms
 Surprize the Palace without Noise or Tumult ;
 Endeavour with my faithful Warriours,
 With Sword in Hand to make the Entrance safe :
 And when the blazing Ramparts are our own,
 Cato's intriguing Head shall wait on *Cesar*.
 Thou art the Man thy Master honours with his Choice.

Felix. Amaz'd ! but I will readily obey my Prince,
 And tremble, not so much to die for you,
 As I shall dread to forfeit your Displeasure.

Pharn.

CATO of Utica.

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Pharn. A Subject's Duty is to serve his King,
But thou shalt share with me, my Fortune.
Be sure that you be secret and dissemble,
Lest by your Rage, we lose our sweet Revenge.

End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

Cesar.



HE Truce, *Domitius*, in this Pa-
lace here,
'Steal of Exposing, gives me free
Access.
My Care for *Cato's* Safety brought
me hither,

But can't I first speak with *Arsenna*?

Dom. Yes, Sir: You only want to see her Charms,
To be more sensible of her Disdain.

Believe me, Sir. -----

Cesar. My Passion is sincere, -----
And when we offer honourable Love,
A Heroe may with Justice pay his Vows.
If she continues to despise my Flame,
As I love Nothing more than Glory,
I know well how to rule this stubborn Heart.
Love binds not Heroes to his Altars.

Cesar, by Loving, is not less *Cesar*.

But, dear *Domitius*; Hast thou told the Queen
Who 'tis I am, a *Roman*, and a Conqueror?
Knows she, there's none that's under my Command,
No Soldier, but what's worthy of a Kingdom?

Dom. Your Love, and the great Fame of all your Deeds,
The mighty Rank you bear, can't move her Heart.
But the propitious God of War, this Day
Will recompense the Hardships of your Love;
Th' unfortunate Remains of *Pompey's* Party
Shall yield for ever Homage to your Orders.

C 2

Cesar.

Pharn.

CATO of Utica.

Cesar. When I am sure to triumph, how I hold my Hands ?

And rather wish the World would love than fear me ;
When we may crush who e'er we please, and punish Crimes,

How great it is to stifle our Revenge !

The Glory of the *Romans* is not to be Victors,
But to rule the Hearts of those they conquer ;

Cesar, beyond all Thought abhors to deal in Blood ;

His Mercy always is above his Rage,

Just Heaven, be gracious now to my Designs.

I hope, in *Cato*, to o'ercome all *Rome*.

This is the only Favour I dare claim.

Dom. The Queen approaches, Sir.

Cesar. It is enough ; attend me.

What noble Pride ! Cou'd the World's spacious Empire
Be better plac'd, than in such pow'rful Hands ?

Enter Arfenna.

Arsen. Gods ! What Voice is that I hear ?

'Tis the same *Roman* ----- I dream not sure.

Cesar. Why are you at the Sight of me surpriz'd ?
Do you condemn an endless Passion, Madam ?

Arsen. Sir, I have seen you at my Father's Court.
For *Cesar*, suing great *Arsaces* Friendship,
But, I believe, 'tis *Cesar* here I see.

Cesar. 'Tis he himself that now approaches you.

Arsen. Who-ever, Sir, you be ----- doubt not my
Love. [*Aside.*

You burn not with a common Passion.

No other Man than *Cesar* could have charm'd me thus.

Cesar. My Heart first learn'd to love you at *Selencia*.

Hated, pursu'd by Rivals in my Glory,

If I had any Hope, 'twas b'ing Victorious.

All my Exploits were Crimes, before their Eyes ;

They sought to punish *Cesar* for his Actions.

Long time, unknown, I travell'd o'er the World,

Resolv'd to kindle, or put out the Fire of War ;

The *Parthians*, obstinate to serve me,

Vow'd to support my watchful Enemies ;

Discovering on *Euphrates* Banks myself,

Ready

CATO of Utica.

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Ready to engage, I turn'd again on that
Ungrateful Nation. -----
Thunder and Terror march'd before my Banners,
And I gain'd Honours, which I ne'er enjoy'd.
A piercing Fear still prey'd upon my Vitals,
Yet Glory forc'd me to devour my Fears.

The Absence of *Arsenna* from my Eyes,
Made in the midst of all Success, ev'n *Cesar* sigh.

But I am touch'd yet with severer Pangs,

When I behold the Beauty I adore :

I fancy cold Disdain : most sad Return !

Is so much Love requited with such Hate ?

Arsen. Oh ! that you knew the Cause of all my Grief !

The more I gaze, the more my Woe increases.

And if I durst retrench superfluous Words,

I now perceive I can no longer hate you.

Cesar. What unexpected Sound is this ! what vast
Surprize !

You hate not then the Conqueror that loves you ?

The World by me shall gain Prosperity,

And I, by you, my Queen, all Happiness.

Arsen. Wretch, that I am ! how I've betray'd my Love ?

You know the Secret that I would conceal.

Alas ! I must no longer now dissemble

That I love you : This Flame which here at *Utica*

Breaks out, was kindled on *Emphrates's* Banks.

The Instant that my Eyes beheld you first,

My easy Virgin Heart yielded to Love ;

Yet this is certain, when I knew your Flame,

My Soul gave itself up to raging Transport.

But could I know the Object of my Vows,

Was *Cesar* then, burning with equal Fire ;

My Hate was the Effect of too much Passion,

My Soul contested 'gainst myself for *Cesar*.

My Constancy, my Folly, or the Gods

Made me detest that which I lov'd most dear.

Cesar. What Happiness is this ! that *Cesar* pleas'd you

Love hath done more for me than War can do.

Ye conquer'd *Rome*, you triumph over me.

May *Hymen* now engage you to my Arms,

His Torch shall e'er be lighted up with Glory,

And Love, and Conquest be its bright Supporters.

My

Ready

My Actions here on Earth have gain'd me Envy,
 May Happiness in Heav'n create the same.
 Let us to *Rome*, and Spight of all their Hate
 Make Enemies to Kings, adore a Queen.

Arsen. In *Utica* they're still in Arms,
 And tho' but weak, they cause me wond'rous Trouble.

Cesar. I'll conquer them with Mercy, my *Arsenna*.

Arsen. May you be able, always to o'ercome:
 Would to Heav'n, *Cato* was sensible;
 But the Heart of *Cato* is not to be chang'd.
 My Soul seems to divide between you both;
 Your Glory moves me, and I fear his Danger;
 A secret Inclination draws me to him.
 I know not what it is excites my Love,
 But after you, he's dearest in my Eyes.
 I beg that you wou'd finish this sad War,
 And give up all, to ease the troubled Earth.
 Adieu, Sir, *Cato* comes: finish the War,
 And think on this, that in the midst of Peace
Cesar will always be the greatest Heroe.

Cesar. Depend on me. ----- [*Exit Arsen.*]

Enter Cato.

----- I wish that in this secret Interview
 The Universe amaz'd, could look down on me!
 And thou most intricate Futurity.
 Let's end the Miseries of sad *Hisperia*,
 Let us conclude a Peace, I ask it of you.
 Come, that your *Romans* may return to *Rome*, [*To Cato*]
 And there enjoy the Blessings gain'd for them:
 May they subdue their Transports of Revenge,
 And we two, as a Mark of Friendship, be both
 Consuls. -----

Cato. With what Assurance dar'st thou offer me
 The Consulship, which always was
 The People's and the Senate's Choice?
 Think'st thou, by specious Vice, to tempt my Virtue?
 We'll have no other than a lawful Peace.
 No Kings, nor Chains. The tawny *Africans*,
Cesar, should sooner be the Roman's Death.
 As long as *Rome* is under one Man's Rule,

We

CATO of Utica.

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We are content thus to be banish'd Rome.

Restore it first to its just ancient Laws,
No Arms or Soldiers; but go there like me,
And let's see by the publick Censure,
Who is worthy of Triumph, who of Death.

Cesar. What am I guilty of? By the hardy *German*s
I have made the *Roman* Arms rever'd.
The Seas oppose me, but with feeble Barriers;
In our great Frontiers I enclose the Ocean.
Nought but a partial Senate led by *Pompey*,
Durst refuse me the Honour of the Consulship.
Feigning by Peace to tie my Courage up;
They as a Rebel, treated me, and to load
Me still with more Injustice.-----

What I expected for my noble Toils,
The Consulship, became a Prey to ev'ry Rival.
Provok'd, inrag'd, I had recourse to War
In vain; the World all arm'd against me,
I was the Scourge of my insulting Foes,
And now forgive them. What have I committed?

Cato. Your only Object, *Cesar*, is Revenge;
And still you keep your numerous Troops on foot.
When *Pompey's* Death compleated your Desires.
Do you then justify the Evils you commit?
Tyrants have always frivolous Pretexs.
Their Actions e'en belye their flatt'ring Words.
The Honour of the Consulship was refused you:
You was too powerful to govern well.
What Reward was due to you? You was a great Man.
Vanquish'd the *Gauls*, and made *Rome* Triumph.
'Twas your Duty. Know that every Citizen
Owes to the State himself, but nought to him the
State.

Your Crimes are real, your Excuse all vain,
And you deserve *Capitalinus's* Punishment.

Cesar. You forget, *Cato*, that *Cesar* is the Victor,
And that the *Romans* must rely on Mercy.

Cato. Innocence unhappy, has no need of Pardon.
Think, *Cesar*, think upon thy Guilt and Boldness,
And rather ask that thy proud Parricide
Shou'd be for ever bury'd in Oblivion.

Sylla, laying aside his unjust Pride,

Proved

Proved th' offended *Romans* Clemency.
 Imitate him, and your many horrid Crimes
 In favour of *Rome's* Peace shall be forgiven.
 Dost thou not answer? O my dear Country!
 Thou hast not yet exhausted all his Cruelty.
 He still reserves for thee more dreadful Wounds.
 Is't not enough to see the God's provok'd?
Eagle oppos'd by *Eagle*, Hate with Hate,
 And *Roman* Blood spilt by a *Roman* Hand?
 Heroes, who always were Supporters of the Laws,
 Suppress ev'n Nature, and destroy all Right;
 The Son deprive of Life, the Author of his Birth,
 And Fathers whom when Young they cherish'd;
 The trembling Mother running in between them,
 Expire before them, by their mutual Blows.
 Thou wilt reign? -----

Cesar. -----And you will always
 Far from *Rome* spin out your Years in Sorrow.
 Always to be defeated, and by *Roman* Blood,
 Force us against our Will t'imbrue our Hands;
 Yet you, an Enemy to War, refuse Peace.
 Who ought to be accus'd of all these Ills?
 If *Roman* Blood's so dear to *Cato*,
 Why do you singly, then, oppose the Gods?
 Their Favours have too often been declar'd for me,
 That the Destruction of my Enemies is sure:
 I come to force you from your cruel Fate,
 And yet my generous Care to you seems Criminal.
 You wou'd impose your Laws on Victory,
 But let me 've no regard to my own Glory.
 When at his Feet triumphant *Sylla* saw
 His vanquish'd Persecutors prostrate laid,
 He without Shame cou'd quit the Empire's Weight;
 But Honour hinders my Consent to your Desires,
 Shou'd I appear to yield to my proud Foes:
 All wou'd be Fortunate, if all submitted.
 Where-e'er I've born my Arms invincible,
 No Blood nor Tears were needless seen to flow.
Rome ev'ry Day beheld her pompous Shows,
 And my too liberal Hand an Earnest gave,
 That I wou'd make it happy in its Wishes.

Cato.

Cato. Rather seduce it. -----

Craft is the Right that call'd you to the Empire,
And vile Proflueness brought thee Voices
Of Debtors press'd by hard Severity of Laws;
Thou hast done good to make base Use thereof.
A Tyrant's Virtue is a necessary Vice;
Their Bounty veils itself to come at Cruelty,
And they shou'd all be punish'd for their Favours.

Cesar. Are not these haughty Words of yours,
Rashness?

Do you not know that *Cesar* in his Anger
May in an instant Crush you? -----

Cato. Then *Cato* to be vanquish'd -----
Has without Hopes, already liv'd too long.

Cesar. He must submit to Fate.

Cato. My Fate is to be free.

Cesar. You may live happy on the Banks of *Tyber*.

Cato. *Tyber* ought ne'er to see me on its Shore again,
Till I have freed its Streams by my Endeavours.

Cesar. By saving of your Life, rather be distinguish'd.

Cato. To hold it of a Tyrant, wou'd be shameful,
But just Revenge or Death is glorious.

Cesar. You injure *Cesar*.

Cato. I serve the Gods and *Rome*.

Cesar. The Gods in you 've diffus'd too much of Fear,
I'd have you own their Voice in my Success.

Cato. There's in my Heart a never-failing Oracle
If my Arm oppos'd the Orders of Fate,
I shou'd not enjoy so profound a Peace,
But by thy Punishment we'll restore it.
For a new *Tarquin* there are many *Brutus*'s
Which have not yet submitted to thy Yoke.
Let's of our selves speak like our Ancestors,
They banish'd Kings; we'll punish Traytors.

Cesar. This base Reproach of blackest Treachery,
May with the Ally of virtuous *Cato* suit.

You on *Pharnaces* without doubt rely,
Then know by secret Means he threatens you.

Two Soldiers in my Camp are come from him,
To make me Officers of just *Cato*'s Life.

They are now in Chains; order their Punishment,
And think, if I am worthy of your Hate.

Cato.

Cato.

Cato. *Cesar*, I swear this generous Treatment
Would win me, were Ambition laid aside :
But if *Pharnaces* aim'd to take away my Life,
His Cruelty wou'd with my Blood be sated,
But you have yet more Inhumanity.

Cesar. Who I?

Cato. You, who would rob me of my Liberty.
Ye Gods who are unsearchable ! can you suffer
Designs of Tyranny in an Heroick Soul ?

Cesar I ought to hate. How great is my Despair,
To be compell'd to act against my Duty !
I will reproach my self with't as a Crime,
To have a Value for a Roman Foe.

But since Goodness succeeds such Cruelty ;
Sure Peace we may admit with Liberty to reign,
That in Prosperity, *Romans* may say,

Cesar's a Heroe, he o'ercame himself ;
If he was odious to us once, now cherish him.

Himself secur'd us from his fatal Blows,
Prepar'd for us a shameful Slavery,

But our Liberty's his noblest Work.

In vain I shew to you such shining Glory,
To you, Sin's Lustre's more acceptable.

You say, that to the Gods you owe your Birth,
And prove it only by your Violence.

Is't to renounce all kind Humanity,

That to the Deity your Pride exalts you ?

If you are of their Race, make it appear,

If you are not, be worthy being so.

We're like the Gods, but 'tis in Virtue only.

Nothing can change your Resolutions ;

I'll tell the *Romans* what you offer us,

They with themselves ought to decide their Lot ;

If they chuse Slavery, I shall chuse Death. [*Ex. Cato.*]

Cesar. If I was not *Cesar*, mighty Gods ! I'd be
That wild, ungovernable Creature, *Cato*.

End of the Third Act.

ACT



A C T IV.

Cato alone.

Cato.



HAT does not *Cæsar* wait here
my Return?
He frees me from an Object I
abhor;
I can't without some Horror
bear his Sight;
It was a Violence to me to talk
with him.

I would not see him but with Sword in Hand,
That I might through his Breast make way to Death.
In vain, he tells me of *Pharnaces's* Plot;
In vain, he does oppose the threat'ning Blow.
Nothing shall e'er disarm the stubborn *Cato*:
Discord hath pour'd down too much Poyson.
Hate only takes Possession, and inspires me,
That I can see nothing great in *Cæsar*.
Yet neither Dangers or ill Fortune can amaze him;
He knows both how to vanquish and forgive.
Were we allow'd to chuse a Master,
Cæsar, perhaps, might well deserve to be him:
But he has trampled on the Laws, and pull'd down Kings,
To make himself a Tyrant. -----
So of the greatest Man, is found most Guilty.
Gods! with what Pride our faithful *Romans*, have
Refus'd a Peace so fatal to their Liberties!
What Bravery of Soul, and what Revenge,
Breaks out from ev'ry Common Soldier's Breast,
Equal to Heroe's in the Hopes of Battle?
Ah! how powerful to the *Romans*, is
The Love of *Rome* to raise their Native Courage.
But *Portia* ought to know her Destiny;
She must----- Oh, here she comes. How troubled is my
Breast? With

Cato.

e

C T

With what Disorder does th' unhappy *Cato*
Behold his Blood polluted with a Crown?

Enter Arsenna.

Arsen. I'm before *Cesar* come unto this Place,
To give a Peace, Sir, to these haras'd Countries,
And terminate your sad Misfortunes.
My Fears are past: the shedding *Roman* Blood
Hath caus'd too many Tears to be recall'd.
Death on your Soldiers never cast his Dart;
But I was touch'd with cruel Strokes of Grief.
I love the *Romans*, ev'n, beyond my *Parthians*;
In this, perhaps, I injure my High Birth,
That I, a Queen, should love the Foes of Kings.
But when I would pursue the Laws of Duty,
My Heart frames frightful Apprehensions,
As if I had renounc'd the Rights of Nature.

Cato. If *Romans* cou'd thus love one another,
The Height of all our Ills wou'd soon be asswag'd:
Your Heart exalts it self above a Queen,
The noble Sentiments are from a *Roman* Soul;
Without Offence you may declare them so,
And Heaven hath taken care to justify 'em.

Arsen. The Truce to Slaughter, shortly will give way,
This Day 't expires: be pleas'd to gain some longer
time;

Cesar burns with the sincerest Passion
For *Arsenna*.-----

Cato. What, Madam!

Arsen. Towards you, I will dispose his Heart,
Fortune hath giv'n to me a spacious Empire,
My Throne may satisfy the most Ambitious:
I shall engage *Cesar* to reign with me,
Without the *Romans* being subject to his Laws;
Peace shall be the happy Product of my Love.

Cato. What is't I hear! what Horror seizes me!
What, you love *Cesar*? O Heaven, dost thou
Reserve this Prize for my Misfortunes,
This Stroke for my Virtue?-----
I may well defy inhumane Fortune;
She comes to waste her Stock of Malice on me.

Gods!

Gods! was not this prodigious to engrave
The Image of a Tyrant in his Soul,
Without the appearing Strokes of any guilty Flame?
Arsen. What an unlook'd for Transport's this, what
Rage!

Ought my Discourse procure in you such Horror?
But, what is my Confusion, what my Fear!
That makes me tremble thus. Explain yourself.

Cato. Take this Letter, and read it, 'tis *Arsaces's*.

*Cato gives his Daughter the Letter which Ar-
taban brought him.*

Arsen. Sacred Character, which I trembling view,
What Trouble rises in my fluttering Heart!

[*Arsenna reads.*]

*KN*ow your own Blood in *Arsenna*,
And if to secure the Repose of Mankind,
Portia must be a Sovereign,
Let her wear my Crown.

I, Cato's Daughter! how great is my Surprise!
A State so glorious is worth more than Crowns.
My Father! that Name only to my Heart
Is dearer, than e'er Sovereign Grandeur was.
It was an unknown Power in Nature,
That made me ev'ry where seek after you;
By some kind secret Charm I yielded to her Will.
You know how much she spoke in me,
Look on me then, Sir, with a Father's Eye,
Banish your Sorrows, and appease your Anger;
Punish not me for the Caprice of Fate,
But seek to love me by a generous Trial.

Cato. I see, that my Misfortunes touch thy Heart,
Thus Blood has always Ties invisible;
And Nature in it, has impress'd her Laws:
My Daughter, I'd the same Concern for thee.
The Love you have for *Cesar*, is a Crime.
Shew then, with Pleasure, that the Blood of *Cato*
Triumphs o'er Love, and your Ambition.

Arsen. Alas! my Lord, that Love should cost so dear!

Cato. Dost thou defile the Blood that runs within thee?
Thou yet dost Sigh! just Heav'n! I tremble.

D

Was

Gods!

Was Love made for the Hearts of Roman Foes?

Arsen. Ah! forgive me Father. -----

Cato. ----- And can I be so still,
When by thy Love thy Heart disgraces me?

Arsen. Pardon me, Sir, ----- this useless Flame.
When first I cherish'd it within my Breast,
Did I know, Gods! the Blood from whence I came,
And could I know that at this cruel Instant,
You'd disunite a Father and a Lover?

Cato. These Sighs and Tears discover too much
Weakness,

You must without an Aid from them, abate
Your Tenderness, or else resolve to avoid me:
Take care you do not force a Father's Hate.

Arsen. Do I rightly understand you! what Grief
is this!

For fear of hating, you yourself wou'd banish me.
The Gods know well, how to remove me from you.
Yet you'd eternalize their Cruelty.

Do you, Sir, think I never tasted yet
The true Endearments of a Parent's Love?
And that in Royal Courts, too jealous of their Rank
I never knew the Tenderness of Blood?

You push me from you for your Country's Cause;
To be a Roman, must you cease to be a Man?
Must you be insensible? -----

Cato. Hold; what is't thou say'st?
Ought Virtue to be smother'd thus by Nature?

Arsen. And Nature, why be stifled so by Virtue?
Raise not Complaints, and Murmurs in your Blood;
You may grant this, without being Criminal,
Unto your Country, and a Parent's Love.
Here I'll extinguish every guilty Flame,
The Arm alone, can justify the Soul.

I call Heaven to witness! if I can
Sacrifice my Love, I'll sacrifice my Heart:
And I already burn with just Disdain
To let the Blood be known, from whence I came.

Cato. Ah! I know thee, by this pregnant Virtue.
Yes, thou art my Blood, and undegenerate.

CATO of Utica.

29

Enter Cæsar.

Cæsar. Should I this Day make Clemency triumph?
Or ought I, with Regret, show my Revenge?
What is't your *Romans* do expect? -----

Cato. ----- Thy Death, or thy Defeat.
They are resolv'd, by War, to try their Fortune;
Think not, that we enclos'd in *Utica*
Will quit what's left of *Africk* under thee;
Nor that too fearful of ourselves we wait
Thy coming to subdue us. -----

As the great God that spreads his Light o'er Heav'n
Shall come fresh from the Ocean's briny Deep,
So we, led on by Justice and our Rage,
Will thro' thy Camp diffuse a Dread around.
Our guiltless Hands, reeking with Slaughter,
Shall bear before 'em Plunder, Fire, and Sword:
Thou may'st prepare thyself.

Cæsar. Think you, my Legions -----
Can't by superiour Power prevent you?
I wou'd fain spare the Ruins of *Pharsalia*.
But you, with Force unequal, try your Courage,
And provoke a Storm that soon will reach you.
Why do you thus compel me to your Ruin?

Cæsar turning to Arsenna.

Madam, they seek their own Destruction;
But don't impute their Miseries to my Hate.
Arsen. Thou braves the Malice of thy haughty Foes,
But know'st not yet their Strength: knows thou
'em all?

Then know that there is one, whose dreadful Frowns
May stagger thy undaunted Courage,
Thy Heart ought both to fear and value them.

Cæsar. Who is this formidable Enemy?

Arsen. 'Tis *Portia*; I am She.

Cæsar. You!

Arsen. Behold, in *Cato*, my true Father.

Cæsar. What is't you say! what is this Mystery?
Are you a Queen, and *Cato's* Daughter too!
This Prodigy exceeds my Understanding.

D 2

Arsen.

Arsen. It is true, my Birth ought to surprize thee ;
 I've been a Stranger to it, untill now.
See, Caesar, see how cruel is my Fate.
 Thou lov'st me, and my Heart answer'd thy Vows.
 I ought, with Sighs, to blush at such a Conquest.
 For where I fix'd my Glory, there I find my Shame.
 How ought I to approve this fatal Day,
 When Innocence must disagree with Love?

Caesar. Why look you on our Love, as some vile
 Crime?

Why is it made the Victim of your Scorn?

Speaking to Portia.

Far from being lighted, it must be maintain'd.

To Cato.

Why separate you those, whom Heav'n has joyn'd?

To both.

Let Peace and *Hymen* both unite us.

Cato. I'd rather give the Gods my Daughter's Blood,
 And sacrifice my own, before thy Eyes.

Think not, by this Marriage, *Caesar*, to deceive me.

Th' unhappy *Pompey* was thy Son-in-Law,

But that secur'd him not from thy Revenge :

That sacred Tye, began all his Misfortunes.

Cou'd *Cato* yet submit to such an Union?

Thy Heart unsated, and inflam'd with Empire,

Wou'd not be less ambitious, or less proud.

Enter Domitius.

Dom. *Pharnaces* now attempts to make himself
 Master of these Walls ; I just now saw him
 With all his furious Troops appear :

Three or four *Romans*, with *Arsenna's* Train,
 Scarcely defend the Entrance of the Palace Gate.

Cato. I'll joyn them strait, and shew the angry Gods,
 My Will, at least, equals their Cruelties. [*Ex. Cato.*]

Caesar to Portia.

Caesar. Fright not yourself with this rough Storm
 of Fate,
 I punish'd *Ptolemy*, and will *Pharnaces*.

Heav'n

CATO of Utica.

31

Heav'n generous Mortals does in vain create,
If they are not made sometimes unhappy.

[Exit Cæsar and Dom.

Arsenna alone.

Arsen. They'll perish.----- Nothing can defend
them.

Heav'n's deaf to all my Vows : denies to hear :

And joyns together all that's dear to me,

At once a Sacrifice to Fate's Decrees.

I scarcely knew a Father's kind Caresses,

E'er I was rob'd of them. Adverse Fortune !

The Gods have been more Cruel in this Deed,

Than when they snatch'd me from his fond paternal
Arms.

A Sight so precious was but only given,

To cause in me more Sorrow for his Loss.

Yet if I cou'd with the Expence of Life,

Purchase his Safety, and prolong his Days,

Tho' to preserve him in disgraceful Slavery.

No, he has Nothing left, but glorious Death :

And I a Witness of his cruel Fate.

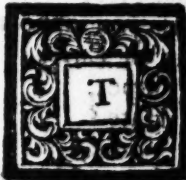
Will justify his Death, by making it my Choice.

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V.

Enter Arsenna and Phœnicia.



Hose Vaults with Noise of Soldiers
sound aloud,

And eccho back the Crys of dying
Groans,

Is any Succour to the Romans
come ?

Arsen. *Phœnicia,* yes, the Gods cease to be cruel.

Phænaces is o'ercome, and *Cato* triumphs.

was inform'd of't, by my Father's Orders.

Phænaces

Pharnaces had by secret Means surpriz'd
 A Gate of *Utica*, and the Palace Walls ;
 When a brave Troop of gallant *Romans*
 March'd to the Fort with eager Speed.
 The Enemy gave way, at their Assault ;
Cato pursu'd them, even to their Ships ;
 Without Assistance flew to Victory,
 And hinder'd *Cæsar's* sharing of the Glory.
 Let us this Day, said he, avoid uniting
 Sin and Innocence under the same Banner.
 For *Rome* wou'd blush at such Alliances,
 A Tyrant's Succour's always dangerous,
 The least Success we owe to such is shameful.
 The King of *Pontus* forwards, led 'em on.
 The raging Soldiers with Desire advanc'd,
Cæsar astonish'd with their noble Fire,
 Threw himself 'midst the Dying, and the Dead.
 He comes : 'Tis he himself. *Rome*, thou shalt see
 How great an Interest thou'st in *Portia*.
 That the whole World, a *Roman* may admire,
 Who, in their deluded Eyes, appears a Queen.

Enter Cæsar.

Is it a *Roman*, *Cæsar*, that I see ?

Or is't a Tyrant that my Eyes behold ?

Cæsar. 'Tis your Lover, who with Conquest round him
 Is fir'd as much for you, as for true Glory.

Arsen. Dost thou love me ? yet prepares to enslave me

Cæsar. You, Madam ?

Arsen. ----- Yes, me, and all the World.

Cæsar. Does cold Disdain yet triumph in your Soul
 Your Flame abates, as mine augments its Fire.

Arsen. When I submit to Duty, will you oppose it ?

Cæsar. You follow the wild Virtue of *Cato*,
 And I find out sweet Poyson in vain Hopes.
 Does Love expose Objections to your Hate ?
 He might have tied us by our mutual Vows,
 Had not your Heart been giv'n so much to change.

Arsen. Impute not, *Cæsar*, to a *Roman* Heart,
 The guilty Transports in *Arsenna's* Breast.

My Love for you, was Pastime for the Gods,
 Who made me love a Tyrant that is odious.
 Since I am guilty, 'tis Inconstancy alone
 That can recal my Innocence.
 If thine's a Flame sincere, and that my Change
 Causes in *Cesar* such Disturbance,
Hesperia's Subjects set at Liberty:
 Love if thou canst, at least preserve thy Country;
 From hence, renounce thy Tyranny o'er *Rome*,
 And at the Altar, then I'll Marry you.
 Thou may'st o'ercome by yielding up thy Conquests,
 With an immortal Laurel *Rome* shall Crown us.
Hymen will ne'er appear more Glorious,
 Since he Unites the Gods and *Cato*.
 These are the Secrets I wou'd teach you.
 Now make your Choice. -----

What, *Cesar*, hast thou nought to say to me?

Cesar. Resume your Pride, my jealous Enemies
 Appear against me; you submit no more.

These Crops of Laurels set on *Cesar's* Head
 By the brave *Romans*, but confirm my Conquest.
 The Gods attending all my various Fortunes,
 Declare me Master of the conquer'd World:
 Yet, Madam, all my Right and Glory I renounce,
 Solely to reign o'er *Portia's* yielding Heart.
 If by Virtues Fate link'd to my Conquests,
 The *Romans* yield themselves to *Cesar*,
 Were it their Happiness to chuse a Master,
 If they have thought me worthy such a Choice,
 Can I decline to govern them? -----

And would you then refuse to reign with me?

Arsen. These needle's Bounties, and these boasted
 Favours,

Which artfully enslave a Free-born People;
 These outward pompous Shows are hainous Crimes,
 Which wear the beauteous Face of Virtue.
Rome is free, *Cesar*.

Cesar. ----- How can it be,
 If not at liberty to chuse a Master?
 When I destroy'd the Faction's Commonwealth,
 This Arm fought for its true Felicity,
Rome must have a Head.

Arsen.

Arsen. Oh Heavens!

Cesar. Of its own Power it can't support the Weight.

Arsen. Hath it not given Laws to all the World,
Without the fatal Prop of Kings and Tyrants?

Cesar. Rome flourish'd then, and fertile Virtue was
Its true Foundation from Example.

But since the State increas'd in Pow'r and Strength,
All Virtue vanish'd, and all Vice appear'd.

The great Men did, by Craft or Violence,
Usurp the Power of the Dictator.

This was the Source of Rome's greatest Troubles,
Which for one Sov'reign had a thousand Tyrants.

If I attempt to Reign, 'tis for the Romans,
All will be quiet under one Man's Care.

I shall of that joynt State be the Support,
And for its Happiness, I'll give my own.

Arsen. It is too much! 'tis time my Rage breaks out,
I even Blush at all your flattering Hopes;

Expect not that by marrying such a Tyrant,
I will soil the Blood that runs pure in me.

My Heart had scarcely triumph'd over Love;
But thy Refusals gave me o'er to Hate.

If thy destroying Arm subdues the World,
By speedy Death I will escape thy Chains.

Thou only wilt Command base servile Souls,
Who lent an hand to further Civil War,

Those who oppos'd good Cato's Virtues,
Ungrateful Romans! that only bear the Name.

May all thy Successors to gain the Empire,
Greedy struggle to destroy each other.

Use the Assistance of the Sword and Fire,
Hasten the Days of aged Parents:

In Peace make use of all the Stripes of War.

And Rome a Funeral Pile, the Earth a Desert;

And then unite by some new Crime,

In the same Grave, the Living and the Dead.

By such a Marriage, and such impious Bonds,

Amaze Heaven, and make the Furies tremble;

And then to see with Pleasure whence they came,

Open the murder'd Mother's sacred Breast.

May all their Crimes live to Posterity,

And may the World for e'er abhor thy Memory.

Enter

Enter Domitius.

Dom. A Noise confus'd deceiv'd your faithful Troops.

The dismal Tidings was no sooner spread,
That *Cæsar's* Life was barb'rously attempted;
But to your Succour all your Legions came;
Unknowing that *Pharnaces* was then Guilty,
Whom now they follow with implacable Revenge.
In *Utica* your Soldiers, to this Fort
March hastily, and deal pale Death around 'em.
The Troops of *Cato*, as dispos'd about him,
Were close engag'd against *Pharnaces*.

After they'd left a Guard upon the Walls,
Your Legions spite of all Resistance
Enter'd on all sides; the King of *Pontus*
Was before defeated, and had made good
His short Retreat aboard his Navy.

Cato victorious, and in full pursuit,
Perceiv'd himself surrounded by our Men.
That Hero, always in Misfortunes great,
Hoping to Master them as he had done *Pharnaces*,
Made his *Romans* face about on all sides.

Cæsar. Go and appease the Soldiers, who're incens'd:
Make them retire, both from the Fort and Town,
That this Day's Truce may terminate in Peace.

The Example that I give my *Romans*,
Is to spare Blood, and pity the Unfortunate.
Measure your Hatred, Madam, by the Ills I do. [*Exit.*]

Arsen. Cruel Gods! How do you use my Father?
Why threaten you that Heroe's precious Life?

Have you condemn'd me always to distrust you?

But this Reproach, O Heavens! is't lawful?

Ought I to look on all your rigorous Laws,

And yet conceal my own Offence? -----

Did I not keep *Cæsar* in this Palace?

He wou'd have stopt the Soldiers Insolence.

I was willing to free *Rome* and Ruin him;

To save my Father, I have murder'd him.

'Twas my Tenderness, alas! which alone

Kindled the Pile that's ready to consume him:

Unhappy Wretch! can I endure Life?

No,

Enter

No, no, I will not Die unpunished.
 This Day, if Death shall separate me from *Cato*,
 I will rejoyne him on the Banks of *Acheron*,
 And never fear our barbarous Fortunes more.
 Thou sacred Tye of Blood, how sweet's thy Charm!
 The Chains of Love have less Temptations:
 Thou without raising any guilty Flames,
 Dost even unite our Souls, though in the Grave.

Enter *Phocas*.

Pho. Ah, Madam!

Arsen. *Phocas*, your Sighs and Tears
 Tell me too much of our Misfortunes.

Pho. The great *Cato* is dying.

Arsen. O Fortune! my old Enemy.

Pho. Now, *Rome's* Defender gives up Life.

Arsen. Cruel, ungrateful Gods! why take you *Cato*?
 Are you envious of the Honour of Mankind?

Pho. Madam, undoubtedly you know, *Pharnaces*
 Endeavour'd to escape by Shipping,
 When haughty *Cesar's* furious Soldiers,
 Not regarding what the Truce was, broke in.
 Our *Romans* weaken'd by a sharp Attack,
 In vain shew'd Courage as invincible.
 The Troops of *Cesar* by redoubled Blows,
 Press'd on their Valour, and o'erwhelm'd them.
 Then *Cato* cover'd o'er with Blood and Glory,
 Balanc'd a hundred times the Victory.
 Braving the Happiness of cruel Tyrants,
 He on their Heads reveng'd our dying *Romans*.
 But numerous Bodies still surrounding him,
 He saw his pressing Destiny come on,
 That if he did not yield that Moment,
 He found a deadly Stroke would fall on him.

The Fate of *Cesar*, said he, prevails o'er us.
 But Liberty is always very strong;
 I'll haste and disappoint the Tyrant *Cesar*;
 Preserve my self -----
 Or rob him of the Glory of my Death.

My Days are consecrated to my Country,
I will reserve at least the Residue of Life ;

[Then he fell on his Sword.

Arfen. Alas! -----

Pbo. *Cesar* appear'd ; deplor'd his Fate,
With much Impatience sought to get Revenge,
And flew with Fury to *Pharnaces*.
That King perfidious, near his Ships, almost
Had sav'd himself by Favour of the Sea ;
But *Cesar* follow'd, enrag'd, o'er-took him,
Stop'd him, then threatening with his Sword, stab'd
him,

Took off his Head ; nothing escaping Death.
Victorious *Cesar* with his Legions following,
Abandons now the Place.

Cato, who yet enjoys a Beam of Light,
Comes here to tell you his last Sentiments.

Enter Cato, supported by Soldiers.

Arfen. Ah, my Father!

Cato. ----- Smother your useless Sorrow :
'Tis *Rome* alone, this Day, requires your Tears,
Rome, ready to expire : our dear Country,
Which feels the Rage of cruel Tyranny.
Mourn for *Rome* ;---- For me, my Fate's too happy,
Liberty follows me in the Shade of Death.
The Death of *Cato* was a voluntary Choice,
Heav'n has only us'd a necessary Ill
In the Mid-horror, of most cruel Fate.
I liv'd with Glory ; and I die a *Roman*.
Remember always, from whom you descend.

Arfen. I will prepare my self to die with you.

Cato. Live, *Portia*.

Arfen. Must I spin out my tedious Days in Slavery ?
To you I owe my All : both Life and Death.

Cato. You yet are free ; abandon *Utica*,
Strive to maintain the publick Liberty.
Live, to serve *Rome*, and may your wandering Steps
Search other Climates, Enemies to Tyrants,
Spain ought to be your Sanctuary now.
Banish for ever from your Breast a servile Flame,

Devote

Devote your self to Heaven, and to the State,
Let *Rome* in your wise Choice find a Deliv'rer.
That I cou'd live again, or that my Hate
In *Portia's* Blood might follow *Cæsar* still.
Draw nigh, my Daughter; thou art new to me,
Thy Heart all Sweetness, and thy Voice all Charms.
Take from a Father this, who quits Heav'ns Light;
Portia; Let perfect Virtue be your Guide.
Arsen. *Cato's* no more, Alas! to finish all our Ills,
Guiltless, I cannot expiate his Death by mine.

F I N I S.



A
PARALLEL
Betwixt the
TRAGEDY
OF
C A T O,

Written by Mr. ADDISON;
AND THE

C A T O
OF
U T I C A,
By Mr. DES CHAMPS.

IN A
LETTER to a Lord.

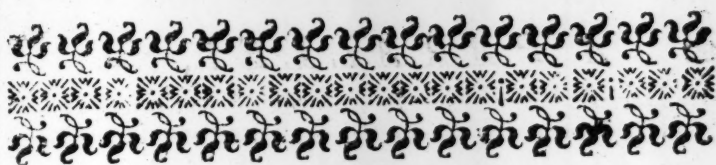
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PARALLEL, &c.



O U complain, my Lord, very briskly, that Mr. *Dacier* is of Opinion, the *English* have not produced one good *Tragedy*; and that he believes they are not able to observe the Rules of *Aristotle*: But as Mr. *Dacier*'s Judgment is not absolutely to be depended on, in Regard to your

Complaint, my Lord, I have examin'd this Point, and it appears to me as False, as it is Injurious to the *English* Nation. The *English*, for the most Part, understand as well as the *French*, how to make a right Use of *Aristotle*'s Art of Poetry; especially since the Translation of Mr. *Dacier*'s *French* was printed in 1705, with a New Version of *Aristotle*'s Text from *Goulston*'s Edition. They who don't understand *French* or *English*, or who can't make Use of those Learned Remarks, have *Goulston*'s Latin Commentary, one of their own Country-men, who may certainly serve them instead of a *French* Grammarian.

You know not, perhaps, what it cost *Du Trie* for being taken with Mr. *Dacier*'s Wit: As soon as his Poetry appear'd, he forsook all other Books; he presently despised *Corneille*, he had not so great a Disdain for *Racine*, but he mightily despised the *French*, who admir'd them both. Mr. *Dacier*'s Disciple says of the *French*, what his Master says of the *English*, *We want that which makes a Tragedy good*; and out of Compassion towards his Nation, he wou'd give a perfect one. He chose for his Subject *Heracles*, all order'd and regulated by

E. 2

Mr.

42 A P A R A L L E L, &c.

Mr. Dacier's Remarks. It was play'd but once, and the Publick spoil'd by *Corneille*, had neither Learning enough to taste the new Tragedy, nor Patience to bear it. *Du Trie* complains of his Guide, not of *Aristotle*; *Corneille* had read him, but not Mr. Dacier, and *Du Trie* had read him too often.

Your Poets, my Lord, will avoid such a Misfortune; they are offended at the Contempt the *French* Grammarian hath for their Nation, and they have Reason to be offended. Does it belong to a Man that has no Taste of the Stage, no Knowledge of the *English* to pronounce, *That they have not produced one good Tragedy*? If he had examin'd into the *English* Genius, he wou'd be convinc'd that it is very Tragical, and that there is, perhaps, no Nation more capable to bring the terrible Pieces of the *Greeks* on the Stage: Moreover, the *English* Tongue hath a Force, a Copiousness, a Freedom agreeable to the Stage. I must own, that the *English* restrain a little their fiery Imaginations by Rules; that they don't allow themselves any warm Metaphors; that they fall in certain low Actions which the *Greek* Poets have enough avoided; that they ruin themselves by romantick Ideas. If they come to correct these Faults (and they will) the *English* Stage will equal the *French*. It hath not yet equal'd it, allow me to say it. Allow me also to prove it by a Parallel of Mr. Addison's *English Cato* with Mr. Des Champs. The *French Cato* has been favourably receiv'd by the Publick, no Play in *England* ever had so great Success as the *English Cato*.

I cannot establish the Superiority of the *French* Stage over the *English* better, than by showing that Mr. Addison must give Mr. Des Champs the Precedence. I am well persuad'd of the Justness of the Cause I defend, and of your Equity, my Lord, that I thought you the most proper Judge.

Cato is a famous Name: That great Man gave such apparent Examples of his Love to his Country and Liberty, that it is great Pity that he shou'd never appear on any Theatre before. The Abbot *Abeille* chose his Death as a Subject for a Tragedy: All the Learned Men the

read

read, or heard it read, praise it ; but the Author was obstinately resolv'd to deny the Publick it. Mr. *Addison*, and Mr. *Des Champs* form'd at the same time a Design to work upon this delicate Subject, and they presently perceiv'd its Driness. *Cato* shut up within the Walls of *Utica*, kills himself, to avoid falling into *Cesar's* Hands. History affords no more ; and to extend it to a Tragedy, there wants Fictions and *Episodes*. Our two Poets have both, indeed, feign'd, but with this Difference, so much advantageous to the *French*, that the *Episodes* hold with the Subject, that they are full of Distress, and discover the Plot. The *Episodes* of the *English* Poet are absolutely detach'd from the principal Action, they conceal it ; they make it very often disappear ; in short, they serve only to set it off with Scenes, which make us the Emptiness of the Tragedy.

A short *Analysis* of these two Plays will show very much this Fault in the *English*, that Beauty in the *French*.

In the *English* Play, *Cato* is shut up in *Utica*, with a few *Romans*, and some *Numidian* Horse, which followed young *Juba*. *Cesar* sends to propose Peace, which is refused, he marches his Troops : *Cato* seeing he was not in a Condition to resist, kills himself.

Portius and *Marcus*, *Cato's* Sons, are both in Love with *Lucia*, the Daughter of a *Roman* Senator. *Portius* is Confident to his Brother, who not knowing he is his Rival, behaves himself like a generous Man, without stifling his Passion, or betraying his Brother. *Marcus* is slain, *Portius* marries *Lucia* : This is another *Episode*, equally foreign to the Subject and the first *Episode*.

Young *Juba* loves *Marcia* the Daughter of *Cato*, which *Sempronius*, a *Roman*, is likewise in Love with. *Sempronius* is one that attempts to betray *Cato* ; *Syphax*, a *Numidian*, conspires with him : They endeavour to make the *Romans* mutiny ; *Cato* appeases them. *Syphax* proposes to *Sempronius* to run away with *Marcia*, and to take upon him the Royal Habit of *Juba*, to execute the Villainy with less Difficulty ; *Juba* discovering it, kills *Sempronius*, and *Syphax* flies.

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The *English* Poem, as we may observe, is without Unity; there are three Tragedies, one within another; and the Author seems to think he miss'd the principal Action: He is obliged from time to time, by the Reflexions that the Lovers make, to suppose, that they have something else to do than make Love, and that in such great Danger, they shou'd amuse themselves with gallant Conversation. The *French* Poet hath feign'd his Fable much better, and dispos'd it with more Art.

Cato is in *Utica*, in a Condition to defend himself, if an unforeseen Accident had not broke his Measures; and by his Resolution and Firmness of Mind, is not under greater Despair than in the *English* Tragedy he may, and ought to refuse the Peace offer'd by *Cæsar*. *Cato* has in the Port of *Utica*, the King of *Pontus*'s Navy; he has his Troops encamped with the others near the Port. The Action is not laid in *Utica*, it is in a Palace of the King of *Numidia*, some Distance from the Walls, by which Means *Cæsar* may safely conferr with *Cato*, upon his Parole. The Enterprize between *Cæsar* and *Cato* upon the Stage is a bold Undertaking, in which Mr. *Des Champs* has succeeded. *Cæsar* appears as great as he is described in History; incapable of obeying, worthy to command as the great Master of the World; very prudent, very happy in Arms; so politick, as to make others submit without Engagement; an intrepid Enemy, a generous Conqueror; as Virtuous as his Ambition would give Leave; sensible of the Passion of Love, but more sensible of his Greatness than of Love. *Cato* lessens him in some Measure, he ought so to do, for Virtue shines brighter than Vice, and the Support of his Misfortune with Courage, gives a new Lustre to his Virtue. *Pharnaces*, the Son of *Mithridates*, so infamous, was proper to serve as a Foil for *Cæsar* and *Cato*; the choice of these three Characters, so well interwoven, is a great Master-piece of Art: Beside, the Chain, or Connexion of the Fable, shews us more the Ability of the Poet. *Pharnaces* driven from his Country by *Cæsar*, comes to join the Remainder of *Pompey*'s Party. *Arsenna* believes herself Queen of *Parthia*, adhering to the same Party, from the former Engagements

gagements of her Father, comes here likewise, to break off the Match projected with *Pharnaces*, and push'd on by a secret instinct which she bears to *Cato*; it is by an Interview with her, that this Piece begins. The pretended Queen of *Parthia* is presently known for *Portia*, the Daughter of *Cato*.

When an Author has hazarded his Story or Fiction, without forming to himself an exact likeness to Truth, it produces not such fine Effects which cannot be condemn'd. But Mr. *Des Champs*'s fancy is always regulated by a solid Judgment: All that he supposes is agreeable to what the Historians give us. He imagines that the Wife of *Crassus* had with her *Portia*, her Niece, then an Infant; that in the Defeat of *Crassus*, *Portia* being made a Slave was presented to the King of *Parthia*; the agreeableness of the Lines of her Face, with those of the Princess his Daughter, and only Child, inspire him with a Fatherly Affection for *Portia*. The Princess dies, and the King having no Heirs remaining, lets *Portia* pass for his Daughter. *Cesar*, to whom it was of no small Importance to gain the King of *Parthia* to his Interest, comes to the Court of that Prince, without making himself known, to bring him over from *Pompey*'s Party: He succeeds not in that Affair, but sees the Princess, and falls in love with her, without knowing that she was *Portia*; she loves him again, yet did not know it was *Cesar*. The Marriage of the supposed Princess of *Parthia* with *Pharnaces* is prevented: *Portia* could not consent; *Pharnaces*'s Crimes, especially the Assassination of *Pacorus*, Prince of *Parthia*, her Brother, of whose Murther she finds him the Author, serves her for a Pretence to break with him: She wanting the Assistance of the Heads of *Pompey*'s Party, comes to gain them, and finds her Father in *Cato*, and in *Cesar* her Lover. The Match being broke off, determines *Pharnaces* to assassinate *Cato*; he proposes this to *Cesar*; the Illustrious Roman abhor'd the Treachery of the Son of *Mithridates*, and informs *Cato* of it. *Pharnaces* in Despair attempts to kill *Cato* and *Cesar*, he makes himself Master of their Place of Conference of *Portia* and *Utica*. The danger that *Cesar* was in makes

makes him run to succour his Troops; *Pharnaces* is defeated; but the *Romans* who followed *Cato*, join themselves to *Cesar's* Army; and *Cato* having nothing left to do, but to submit to *Cesar*, or kill himself, chose to put himself rather in the latter Circumstance, than that of Death.

We may observe, that the Contrivance of the Events are so well manag'd, that all centre themselves in the principal Action. If the Arrival of the Queen of *Parthia* is the occasion of *Pharnaces's* Enterprize, which puts *Cato* under the Necessity of killing himself, it is the Queen of *Parthia* who detains *Cesar* in the very Place of Conference, and which engages him in the Danger. That Danger we see stops *Cesar's* Troops in *Utica*, and takes away all Assistance from *Cato*. 'Tis not an Event which discovers the Plot, all the Parts of the Actors wait for it, if I may be allow'd to express my self so.

Mr. Des Champs then is to be valued for the Justness of the *Episodes*; beside, he is to be esteem'd for the beautiful Effects those *Episodes* produce. The contempt which *Cato* shews of one of the greatest Kingdoms of the World, the Horror with which he beholds a Crown in his Family, are Strokes very proper to let us understand the greatness of his Soul. The love of *Cesar* and *Portia*, of the Daughter of *Cato* and a Tyrant of *Rome*, affect us otherwise than the cold Gallantry of *Portius* and *Lucia*, of *Sempronius* and *Marcia*. *Cato* oblig'd to *Cesar* for his Life. *Cesar* fighting for *Cato* in that Situation of Affairs, must have a great deal more Distress in it, and engage our Concern more abundantly than for the Love of *Cesar* and *Portia*.

You will be convinc'd, my Lord, the Conduct of the Fable in the *French* Tragedy is regular, wonderful, agreeable to Truth, moving and great. Let us compare our Two Poets by the manner that they have supported the Character of *Cato*, and those of the other Parts; let us compare them afterwards by their Circumstances and Sentiments; for by the Expression, shall be so just not to judge of that of *Mr. Addison* from a Version out of Blank Verse into Prose. So ought

the Critick in this Translation from the *French*, to give Grains of Allowance when a Comparison is made with the Original in his own Language.

Mr. *Addison* and Mr. *Des Champs* have drawn both their *Cato's Natural*: In the *English*, the Admiration of *Juba* for *Cato*, the Censures which *Sempronius* and *Syphax* make of the Austerity of his Virtue, gives us a great Idea of him: He is supported by his Resolution in the midst of the Revolt of his Troops; and appears great in speaking of his Son's dying for his Country; But the Opposition of *Cesar* so necessary to make him shine out is dropt in the *English* Tragedy; besides *Cato* appears too seldom, and there is too little Business on the Stage: You scarce lose Sight of him in the *French* Tragedy: All that he says relates to his Character, and all that is said of him raises still the Idea, that is form'd of him in the first Scene. The Throne of *Parthia* despis'd, the Peace offer'd in vain by *Cesar*, *Cato* being abandon'd, and surrounded by *Cesar's* Troops, are Occasions given where all his Virtue should be try'd, and wherein it does appear.

Having finish'd the *Parallel* of the Two Tragedies, by the Comparison of the Circumstances and the Sentiments; let us begin to search for the most beautiful Passages in the *English* Piece: The first we find is in the Fifth Entrance in the Third Act, whither we are brought by Scenes of Gallantry, useless to the Subject, by the moral Conversations of *Portius* and *Marcus*, *Cato's* Sons, of *Juba* and *Syphax*; by a cold Deliberation of the Senate. But it is to be confess'd, it is surprising to see the Stage full of the Chiefs revolted with *Sempronius*, render'd motionless, disarmed, and attracted by the intrepid Presence, and wise Discourse of *Cato*.

Cato. Where are these cold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General send a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curse on their dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd!

Cato.

Cato. Perfidious Men! and will you thus Dishonour
[*Aside.*

Your past Exploits, and Sully all your Wars?
Do you not confess 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?
Fired with such Motives you do well to joyn
With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cesar's* Banners.
Why did I 'scape the invenom'd *Aspic's* Rage,
And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
To see this Day? Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt? Behold ungrateful Men,
Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injur'd strike the Blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater Ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguish'd from you, but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!
Painful Pre-eminence!

Semp. By Heavens they droop!
Confusion to the Villains! all is lost.

[*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten *Lybia's* burning Waste,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poyson?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in every Step?
Or fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd for Stream,
You suck'd the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato*,
Did not he dash th' untasted Moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats?

Cato. Hence worthless Men! Hence! and complain
to *Cesar*,
You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

We

We might have been convinc'd that this Scene had been fine, if *Sempronius* had not thrown in the Comick Part, which destroys the Serious and the Noble. It is not only here that the Poet is flat, and sinks below the Dignity of his Subject; the Conversation of *Juba* and *Syphax*, and the Masquerade of *Sempronius*, smells too much of Farce; this Masquerade brings on a Circumstance that is very moving. *Marcia* seeing *Sempronius* cloath'd in Royal Robes, and extended dead, takes him for *Juba*. That Prince who came in unexpected is witness of his Mistress's Grief, and by that supposes her in Love with that Person, but he was not deceived till some Moments after, but believed *Sempronius* had occasion'd *Marcia's* Tears. The whole Play from the Stage seems to be brought on with Art, the Sentiments are lively, and the Expression or Diction in the Translation appears near as strong and moving. In the latter End of the Fourth Act we are presented with another fine Circumstance, where the Body of *Marcus*, the Son of *Cato*, is brought to his Father, being slain in his Country's Service.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome my Son! Here lay him down my Friends,

Full in my Sight, that I may view at Leisure
The Bloody Coarse, and count those glorious Wounds.
How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!
Who wou'd not be that Youth? What pity is it,
That we can Die but once to serve our Country!
Why sits this Sadness on your Brows, my Friends?
I should have blush'd, if *Cato's* House had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War.

----- *Pertius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own when *Rome* demands it.

Juba. Was ever Man like this?

[*Aside.*

Cato. Alas, my Friends!

Why Mourn you thus? Let not a private Loss
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears,

The

The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And set the Nations free; *Rome* is no more.
O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Juba. Behold that upright Man! *Rome* fills his
Eyes
With Tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has subdued,
The *Sun's* whole Course, the Day and Year, are
Cesar's. [Aside.]

For him the self-devoted *Decij* dy'd,
The *Fabij* fell, and the great *Scipio* conquer'd:
Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cesar*. Oh my Friends!
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curst Ambition!
Fall'n into *Cesar's* Hands! Our great Fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer, but his Country.

The *English* Author has made a very artful Disposition of his Fifth Act, which is wholly employ'd in the Death of *Cato*. The Beginning of this Act is very Grand.

Cato alone, sitting in a thoughtful Posture, in his Hand *Plato's* Book on the Immortality of the Soul, a Drawn Sword on the Table by him..

Cato. It must be so --- *Plato*, thou reason'st well ---
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven its self that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Beings,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lies before me;
But

A PARALLEL, &c. 51

But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works;----- He must delight in

Virtue,

And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when! or where! ----- This World was made for
Caesar.

I'm weary of Conjectures.----- This must end 'em.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my Death and Life,

My Bane and Antidote are both before me :

This, in a Moment, brings me to an End :

But this informs me, I shall never die.

The Soul secur'd in her Existence, smiles

At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.

The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself

Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years ;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,

Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,

The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds :

In bringing the beautiful Passages of the *French Pieces*,
in Opposition to the Beauties of the *English*, I must con-
fess I'm puzzled in the Choice ; and own that I have
omitted a great many which please me, and perhaps,
may several other Readers, as well as those which I
have here brought to compare with the Excellencies of the
English Tragedy. I wou'd have you first observe in this
of the *French*, *Cato's Contempt and Disdain of the Crown*
of *Parthia*, as a fine Circumstance in *Mr. Des Champs's*
Piece.

Cato. What an Object does my own Blood offer
to my Hate !

What, must an Enemy to Kings be Father of a Queen ?

Gods ! do you justify *Caesar's* Guilt ?

Would ye tie the *Romans* to his Chariot ?

By you, my Daughter is restor'd me,

As a disdainful Mark, to blast my Honour.

If I have any Pleasure in rememb'ring her,

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Her Fate destroys, and changes it to Sorrow.
 How should she please *Cato* with a Crown?
Rome forbids it, if my Blood could consent,
 Nature wou'd at the cruel Instance start;
 And make of me a Father, once too tender,
 A *Roman* Criminal. -----
 Oh, that my Daughter wou'd renounce this Grandeur!
 Come, let us haste, and trample on her Diadem.

The rest of the Scene is of the same Force; the Beginning of the second Entrance of the Second Act, is sufficient to let us know *Cato*.

Cato. Well, *Domitius*, what have you to say?

Dom. *Cesar* commands me, Sir, to tell you. -----

Cato. What! *Cesar* commands, and you obey?

Dom. Yes, Sir.

Cato. Vile Slave, hold, it is enough:
 Too much you do disgrace your glorious Ancestors,
 Who like me only had the Gods for Masters.

Two Verses of the first Entry in the Third Act, give a true Idea of *Cesar* in Love.

Love binds not Heroes to his Altars.

Cesar, by Loving, is not less *Cesar*.

The second Entry in the Third Act, where *Portia* knows her Lover to be *Cesar*, is very moving. The Conference of *Cesar* and *Cato* which follows, was a dangerous Place for the Author. The Conference of *Sertorius* and *Pompey* is a Model that is almost impossible to be equal'd; it is much more Difficult to make *Cesar* and *Cato* speak, than *Sertorius* and *Pompey*; yet the Conference of *Cesar* and *Cato* took, and pleased generally, that the most merciless Criticks durst not touch it. I shall not transcribe it, you have read it in my Lord, more than once, and a Thousand know it by Heart.

When

When they complain that Mr. *Des Champs* hath not made *Cesar* great enough, let them reflect on these five Verses of *Cato*, in the first Entry of the Fourth Act.

Were we allow'd to chuse a Master,
Cesar, perhaps, might well deserve to be him :
But he has trampled on the Laws, and pull'd down
Kings,

To make himself a Tyrant. -----
So of the greatest Men, is found most Guilty.

What are the Circumstances of the Two following Entries ? *Portia* knows she is the Daughter of *Cato*. *Cato* knows his Daughter loves *Cesar*. *Cesar* knows that his Mistress is the Daughter of his greatest Enemy. Let us see how conformable their Sentiments are to their Character.

Arfen. It is true, my Birth ought to surprize thee ;
I've been a Stranger to it, untill now.

See, *Cesar*, see how cruel is my Fate !

Thou lov'st me, and my Heart answer'd thy Vows.

I thought, with Sighs, to blush at such a Conquest.

For where I fix'd my Glory, there I find my Shame.

How ought I to approve this fatal Day,

When Innocence must disagree with Love ?

Cesar. Why look you on our Love, as some vile
Crime ?

Why is it made the Victim of your Scorn ?

Speaking to Portia.

Far from being slighted, it must be maintain'd.

To Cato.

Why separate you those, whom Heav'n has join'd ?

To both.

Let Peace and *Hymen* both unite us.

Cato. I'd rather give the Gods my Daughter's Blood,

And sacrifice my own, before thy Eyes.

Think not, by this Marriage, *Cesar*, to deceive me.

Unhappy *Pompey* was thy Son-in-Law,

But that secur'd him not from thy Revenge :
 That sacred Tye, began all his Misfortunes.
 Cou'd *Cato* yet submit to such an Union ?
 Thy Heart unsated, and inflam'd with Empire,
 Wou'd not be less ambitious, or less proud.

The new Perfidiousness of *Pharnaces* ends this delicate Scene. *Cesar* runs to oppose him ; what he says, very naturally describes his intrepid Generosity.

To *Portia*.

Cesar. Fright not yourself with this rough Storm
 of Fate,
 I've punish'd *Ptolomy*, and will *Pharnaces*.
 Heav'n generous Mortals does in vain create,
 If they are not made sometimes unhappy.

The Fifth Act is certainly the finest : The Action lively, and as *Horace* prescribes, runs rapid at the end. *Cesar* coming from repelling *Pharnaces*, *Portia* receives him by asking him,

Is it a *Roman*, *Cesar*, that I see ?
 Or is't a Tyrant that my Eyes behold ?

All this Scene is comparable to the finest Scenes of the best Tragedies. *Portia* offers to espouse *Cesar*, provided he will make *Rome* free : *Cesar* hath a great deal of Trouble to sacrifice his Ambition to his Love. *Portia* is angry at him, her Transport is not much inferior to that Rage of *Camilla* in *Corneille's Horace*, and in a better plac'd.

Arfen. It is too much ! 'tis time my Rage breaks out
 I even Blush at all your flattering Hopes ;
 Expect not that by marrying such a Tyrant,
 I will foil the Blood that runs pure in me.
 My Heart had scarcely triumph'd over Love ;
 But thy Refusals gave me o'er to Hate.
 If thy destroying Arm subdues the World,
 By speedy Death I will escape thy Chains.

Thou only wilt Command base servile Souls,
 Who lent an hand to further Civil War,
 Those who oppos'd good *Cato's* Virtues,
 Ungrateful *Romans*! that only bear the Name.
 May all thy Successors to gain the Empire,
 Greedily struggle to destroy each other.
 Use the Assistance of the Sword and Fire,
 Hasten the Days of aged Parents:
 In Peace make use of all the Stripes of War.
 And *Rome* a Funeral Pile, the Earth a Desert;
 And then unite by some new Crime,
 In the same Grave, the Living and the Dead.
 By such a Marriage, and such impious Bonds,
 Amaze Heaven, and make the Furies tremble;
 And then to see with Pleasure whence they came,
 Open the murder'd Mother's sacred Breast.
 May all their Crimes live to Posterity,
 And may the World for e'er abhor thy Memory.

In the mean time *Caesar's* Troops, who believ'd they
 had broke their Word with their General, and imputed
hannibal's Perfidy to *Cato*, fall on the few Troops that
glutius *Roman* had left; he ready to fall into his
 enemies Hands, kills himself. *Caesar* comes too late to
 render it. *Cato* dying is brought upon the Stage, his last
 Words are worthy of him, and may without doubt be
 compar'd to what *Mithridates* says; and *Racine* perhaps
 will not have every ones Approbation before Mr. Des
champs.

Arsen. Ah, my Father!

Cato. ----- Smother your useless Sorrow:
 'tis *Rome* alone, this Day, requires your Tears,
 I, ready to expire: our dear Country,
 which feels the Rage of cruel Tyranny.
 Mourn for *Rome*;---- For me, my Fate's too happy,
 Liberty follows me in the Shade of Death.
 The Death of *Cato* was a voluntary Choice,
 I hav'n has only us'd a necessary Ill
 to the Mid-horror, of most cruel Fate.
 I liv'd with Glory; and I die a *Roman*.

Remember

Remember always, from whom you descend.

Arsen. I will prepare my self to die with you.

Cato. Live, *Portia*.

Arsen. Must I spin out my tedious Days in Slavery?
To you I owe my All: both Life and Death.

Cato. You yet are free; abandon *Utica*,
Strive to maintain the publick Liberty.
Live, to serve *Rome*, and may your wandring Steps
Search other Climates, Enemies to Tyrants,
Spain ought to be your Sanctuary now.

Banish for ever from your Breast a servile Flame,
Devote your self to Heaven, and to the State,
Let *Rome* in your wise Choice find a Deliv'rer.
That I cou'd live again, or that my Hate
In *Portia's* Blood might follow *Cesar* still.

Draw nigh, my Daughter; thou art new to me,
Thy Heart all Sweetness, and thy Voice all Charms.
Take from a Father this, who quits Heav'n's Light;
Portia; Let perfect Virtue be your Guide.

Arsen. *Cato's* no more, Alas! to finish all our Ills,
Guiltless, I cannot expiate his Death by mine.

The Cause is ready to be heard, pronounce my Lord;
I have said it, and don't repent it, I consent to be
judg'd by an *English* Man. As for the rest, I have no
other Intention than to excite between Mr. *Addison* and
Mr. *Des Champs* an Emulation, which may encourage
the latter to proceed upon the Foot of *Corneille*, and
push on the first to become a *Corneille* to England.



F I N I S.

